

**DELL**

# ZANE GREY'S

## Stories of the West

JUNE-AUG.  
Still 10¢  
NO. 996

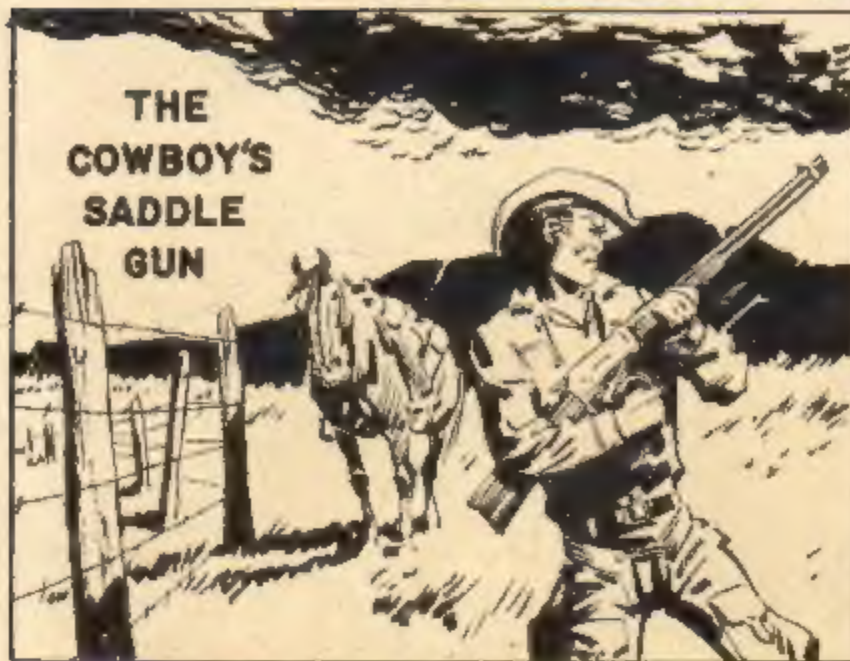
# NEVADA

"Major" Doone had a familiar face.  
Nearly too late, Nevada remembered  
where he had seen it before . . .  
on a "Wanted for Murder" poster.





# THE COWBOY-AT WORK, AT PLAY



## THE COWBOY'S SADDLE GUN

THE PERFECT SADDLE GUN WAS, AND IS, THE LIGHT, SLAB-SIDED, WINCHESTER CARBINE, CALIBER 30/30, "THE COWBOY'S FAVORITE."



WITH THE SCABBARD IN THIS POSITION, THE SADDLE GUN IS READY FOR A QUICK DRAW--- IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO REIN A HORSE.



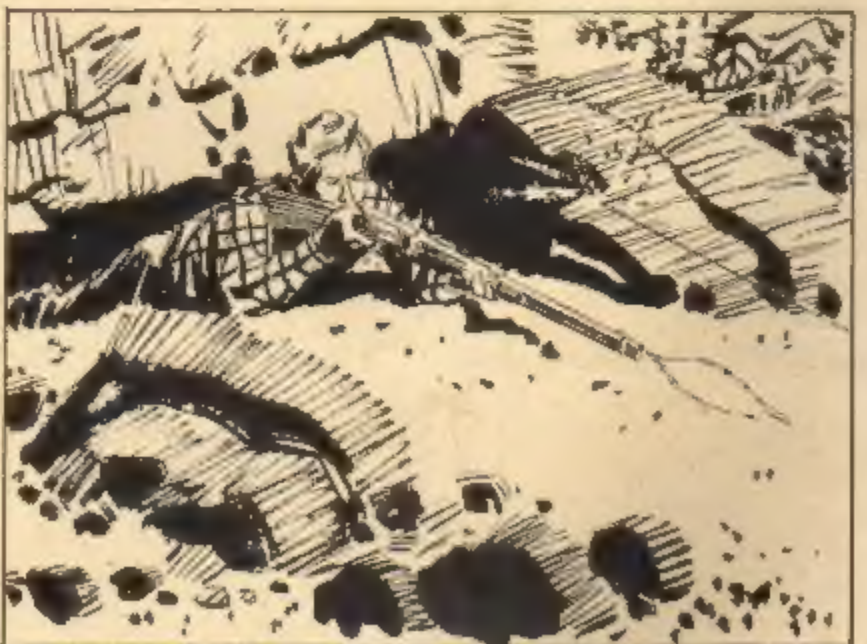
THE SUDDEN TARGET MAY BE A RUNNING COYOTE---ONE OF THE HARDEST OF ALL MARKS TO HIT! A COWBOY ALWAYS TRIES!



...OR IT MAY BE THAT THE COWBOY HIMSELF IS THE TARGET OF A "DRY-GULCHER"! A BULLET-NICKED HORSE BUCKS WILDLY---



...BUT WITH HIS SADDLE GUN ON THE LEFT SIDE, THE COWBOY CAN GRAB IT AS HE HITS THE GROUND---AND LET HIS HORSE GO!



NOW HE IS READY TO GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF---ALTHOUGH LEFT AFOOT! HE KNOWS HIS GUN, AND IT SERVES HIM WELL!



# ZANE GREY'S STORIES OF THE WEST

## THE CATTLE WAR

HOWDY, CHUCKWALLA! HOW ARE YOU  
MAKING OUT, THESE DAYS?

NOT SO  
GOOD, NEVADA!  
I'VE GOT A  
NEIGHBOR---



WHAT ISN'T SO GOOD  
ABOUT THIS NEIGHBOR OF  
YOURS, CHUCKWALLA?



HE CALLS HIMSELF "MAJOR DOONE"! NEW-  
COMER... BOUGHT OUT BRAD STEELE'S  
KETTLE BRAND, AND AIMS TO SPREAD IT  
OVER ALL THE RED BASIN, BY HOOK  
OR BY CROOK!

HAS HE TRIED  
TO HOOK YOU?



NOT ANY! THE PRICE HE OFFERED  
WOULD HAVE INSULTED A DIGGER INJUN!  
BUT HIS ORNERY, GUN-PACKING CREW  
HAVE BEEN FENCING MY COWS OFF FROM  
WATER, SHOOTING OUT MY WINDOW  
LIGHTS, AND BURNING MY HAY!



THERE HE COMES NOW---WITH HIS  
TOUGH-TALKING FOREMAN, HORROCKS,  
AND HIS LITTLE PRIVATE ARMY  
BEHIND HIM! TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK!

UM-HM!  
A RIGHT  
SALTY  
CREW, I'D  
SAY!



Zane Grey's STORIES OF THE WEST, Nevada, No. 996, June-August, 1959. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President; Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. All rights reserved throughout the world. Published by arrangement with Stephen Slesinger, Inc. Authorized edition featuring characters created by Zane Grey in his novels of the west. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1959, by Zane Grey, Inc.

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"MAJOR" DOONE---THE ONE WITH THE BEARD? THERE'S SOMETHING I OUGHT TO RECOGNIZE ABOUT HIM, CHUCKWALLA... BUT I CAN'T THINK WHAT!



WELL, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, CHUCKWALLA! I'VE GOT TO BUY ME A NEW HONDO...

...AND I'VE GOT A SACK OF FLOUR TO PACK FROM THE OTHER STORE! BE SEEING YOU, NEVADA!

MINUTES LATER---AS CHUCKWALLA HARRIS COMES OUT---



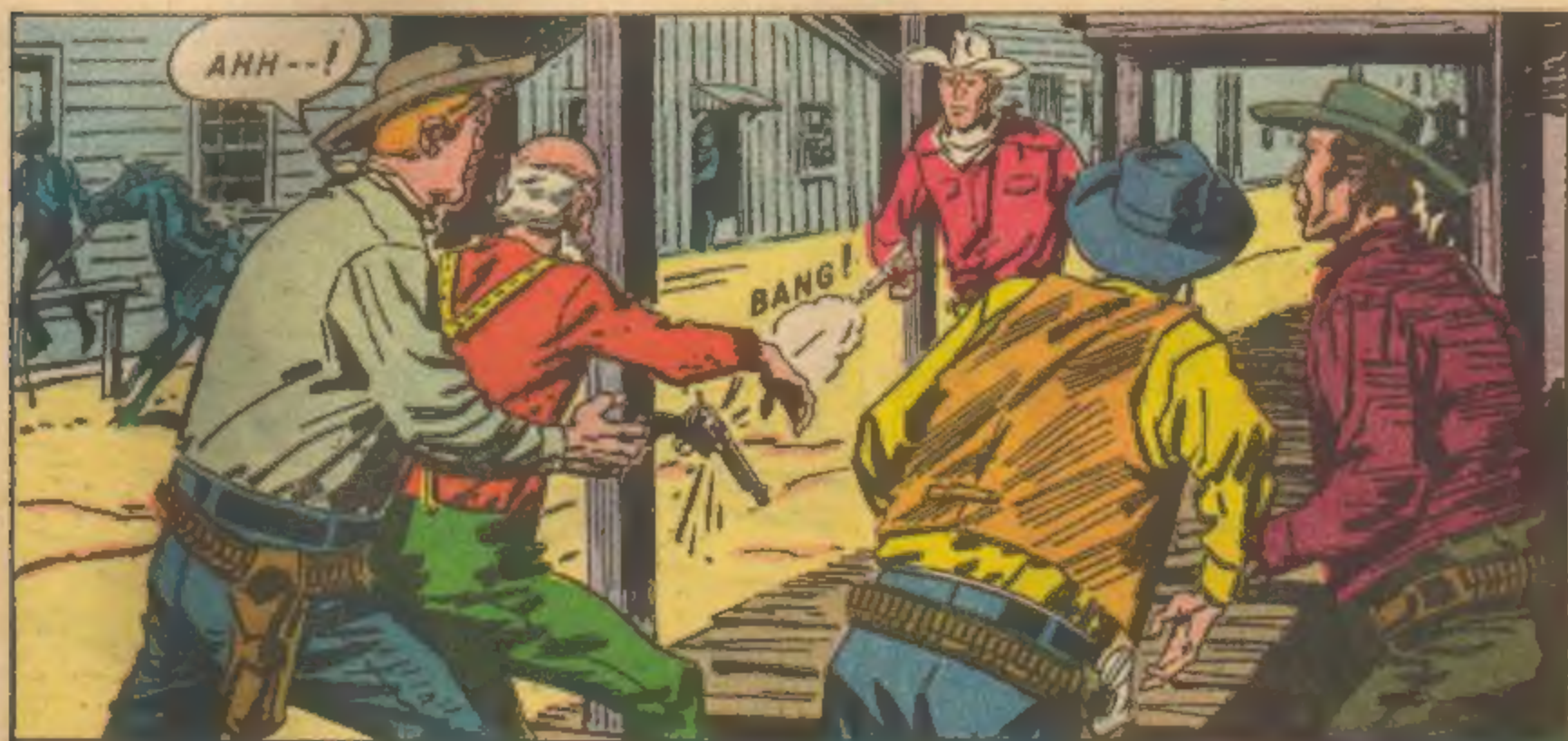
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, RUNT!



FIGURED TO TRIP ME UP, HUH? I'LL SHOW YOU---

HORROCKS! YOU BUMPED ME DELIBERATE...

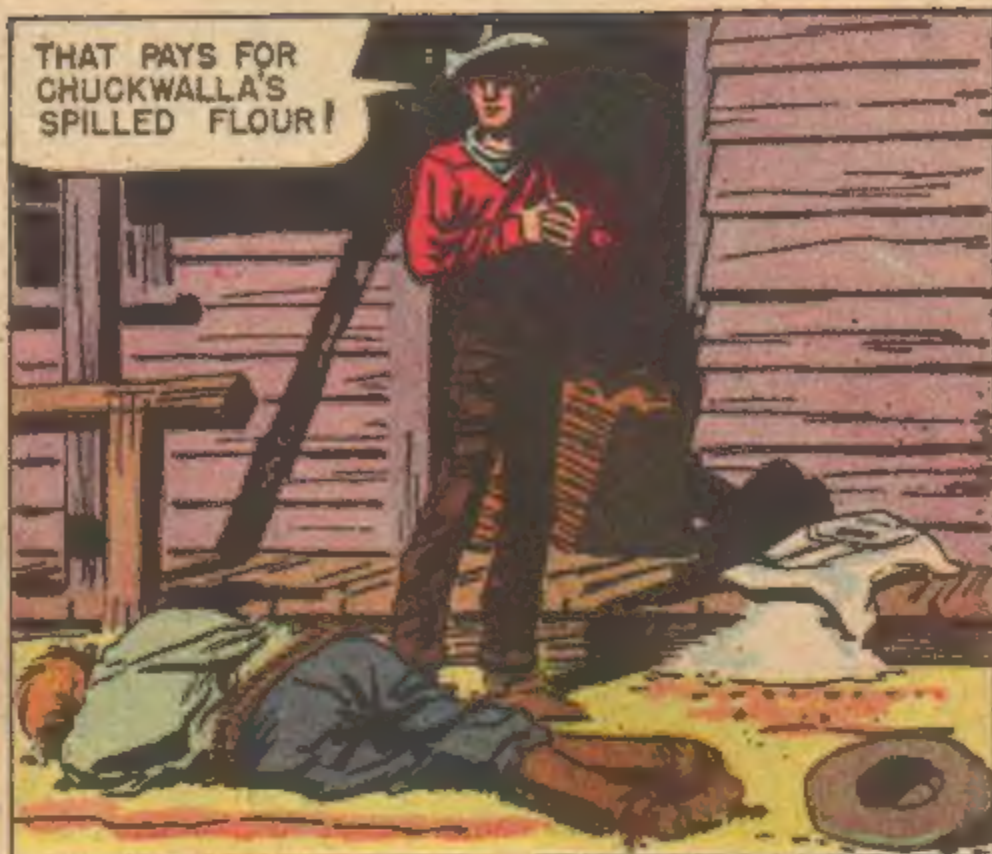












NEVADA!  
I---I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
TO SAY...



WHAT?

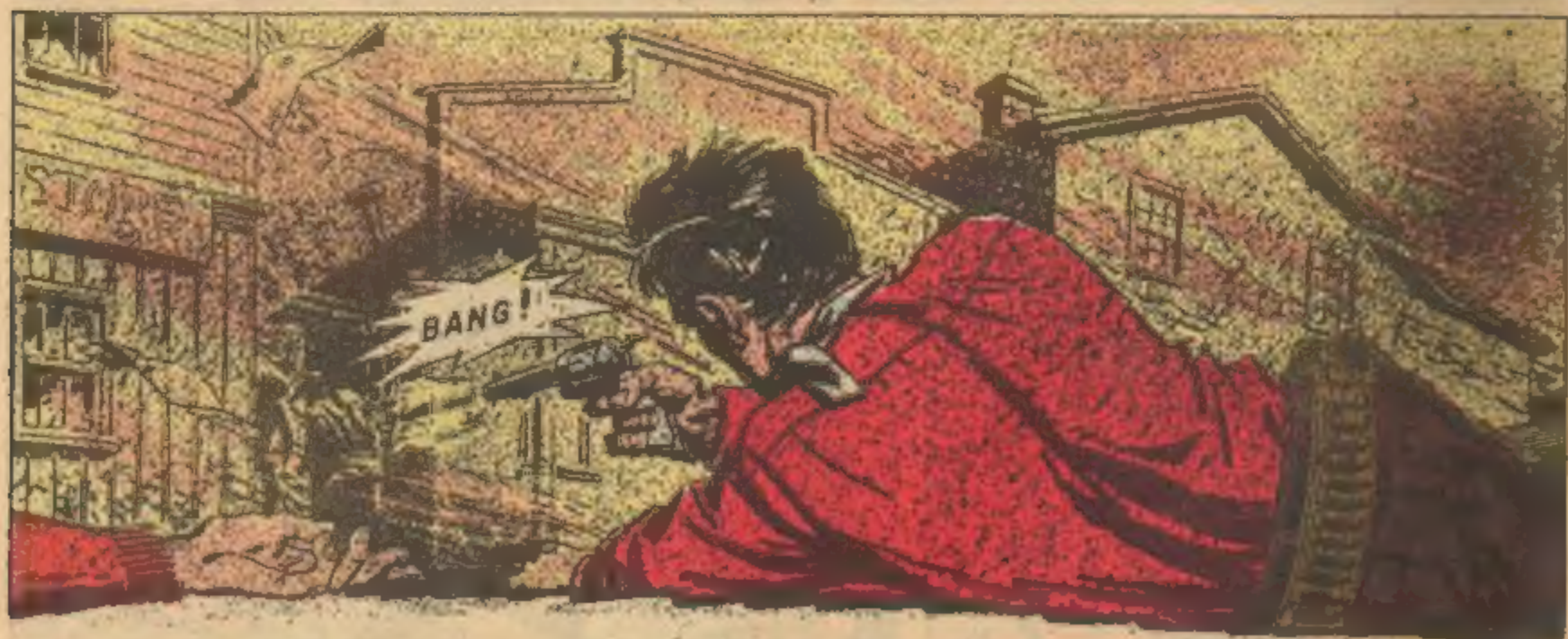
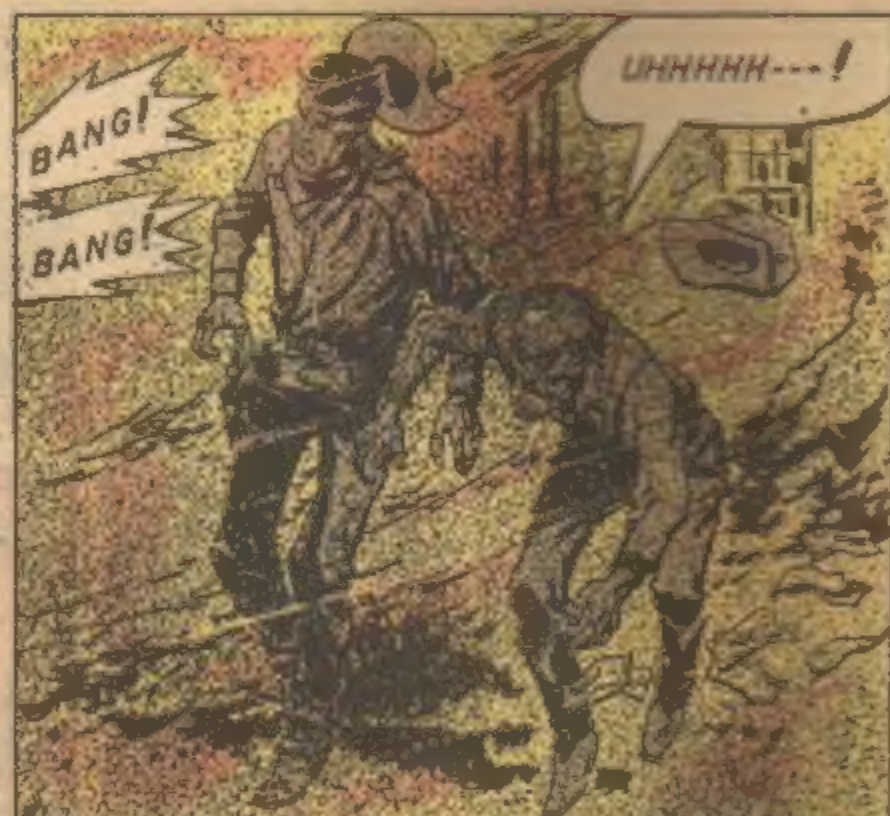


UMMMMM!  
MAYBE  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
CHUCKWALLA!  
THEY COULD  
HIT BACK AT  
ME THROUGH  
YOU!



ALL RIGHT,  
PARDNER---IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
WANT TO DO!





DIVING, TO OFFER A SMALLER TARGET, NEVADA FIRES AS HE HITS THE GROUND! BUT THE BLOWING DUST OBSCURES THE ALLEY!



DEAD --- BY A BULLET THAT WAS LIKELY MEANT FOR ME! SORRY, PARDNER, THAT I WASN'T A BETTER BODY-GUARD! THEY GOT AWAY, TOO!



I NEVER HEARD IF HE HAD KINFOLKS, BUT THE JUDGE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS MONEY...



HEY! WHO DID THAT SHOOTING?

HE DID --- WE SAW HIM!



PUT UP YOUR GUNS, MAJOR! NEVADA ISN'T TRYING TO RUN!

BUT I SAW HIM TRY TO GRAB THE MONEY FROM CHUCKWALLA HARRIS, AND THEN GUN HIM DOWN! HE'S A KILLER!

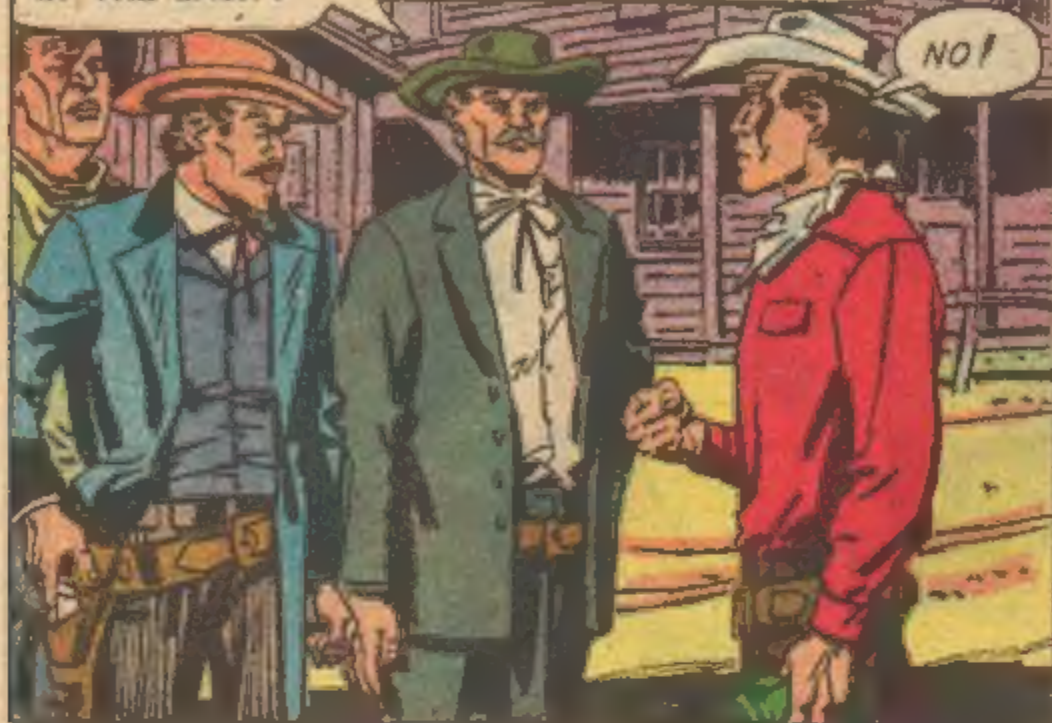


PUT UP YOUR GUNS, I SAID! I'M SHERIFF, AND I'LL HANDLE THIS!





NEVADA, YOU'VE BEEN ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW SINCE I'VE KNOWN YOU! DID YOU SHOOT YOUR FRIEND IN THE BACK?



TWO SHOTS CAME FROM THE ALLEY BY THE BANK! ONE HIT CHUCK-WALLA --- THE OTHER DRILLED MY HAT! BLOWING DUST KEPT ME FROM SEEING THE GUNMEN --- OR EVEN SHOOTING STRAIGHT!



IT'S THREE MEN'S WORD AGAINST THAT OF ONE! WHICH ARE YOU TAKING, SHERIFF?

PRIVATELY, I'M TAKING NEVADA'S! OFFICIALLY --- I'M SORRY, NEVADA, BUT I'VE GOT TO PULL YOU IN! YOUR GUN, PLEASE!



HOLD RIGHT STILL, GENTLEMEN! OFFICIALLY, THERE'D BE ENOUGH FALSE WITNESSES TO HANG ME --- WITH DOONE RUNNING THE SHOW! I'M NOT GIVING THEM THE CHANCE!



NEVADA'S LIGHTNING DRAW IS TOO FAST TO FOLLOW!

GENTLEMEN, DON'T MOVE! I'M RIDING!





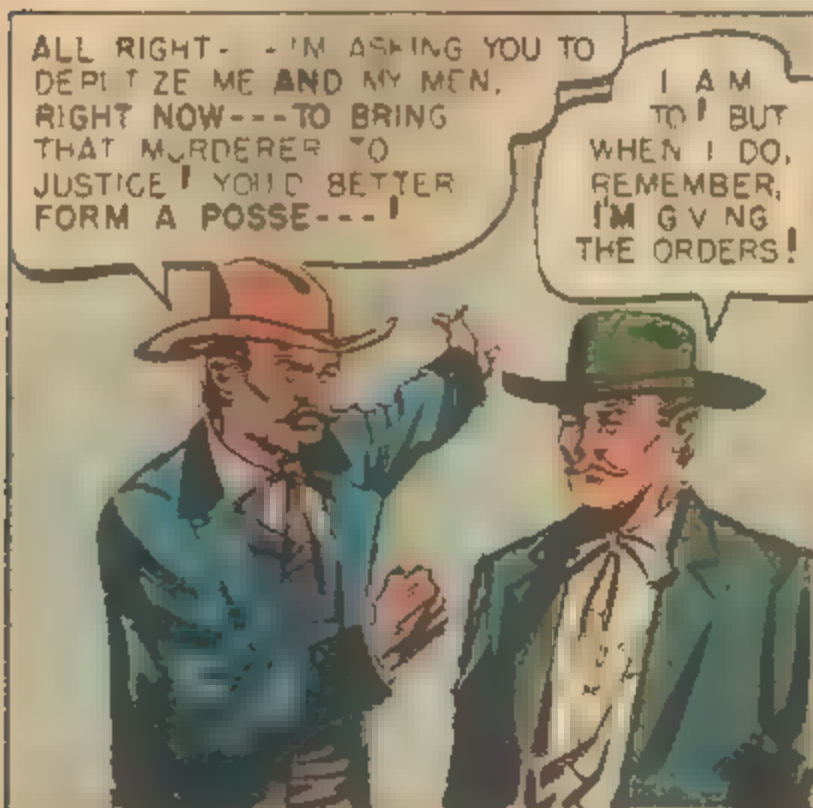


WHEN YOU SEE  
MY **BACK** YOU  
CAN START  
SHOOTING!

WITH SUPERB HORSEMANSHIP NEVADA BACKS HIS  
HORSE DOWN THE STREET ANOTHER FIFTY YARDS



STOP THAT, MAJOR---UNTIL YOU'RE  
DEPUTIZED!



ALL RIGHT - - I'M ASKING YOU TO  
DEPUTIZE ME AND MY MEN,  
RIGHT NOW---TO BRING  
THAT MURDERER TO  
JUSTICE! YOU'D BETTER  
FORM A POSSE---

I AM  
TO! BUT  
WHEN I DO,  
REMEMBER,  
I'M GIVING  
THE ORDERS!



"MAJOR DOONE--- IF THAT'S HIS NAME---  
SMELLS OF SKUNK! I'M BETTING HE HAS  
A PAST THAT WON'T BEAR THE  
LIGHT OF DAY---OR THE LAW!  
HE OR HIS MEN KILLED  
CHUCKWALLA...

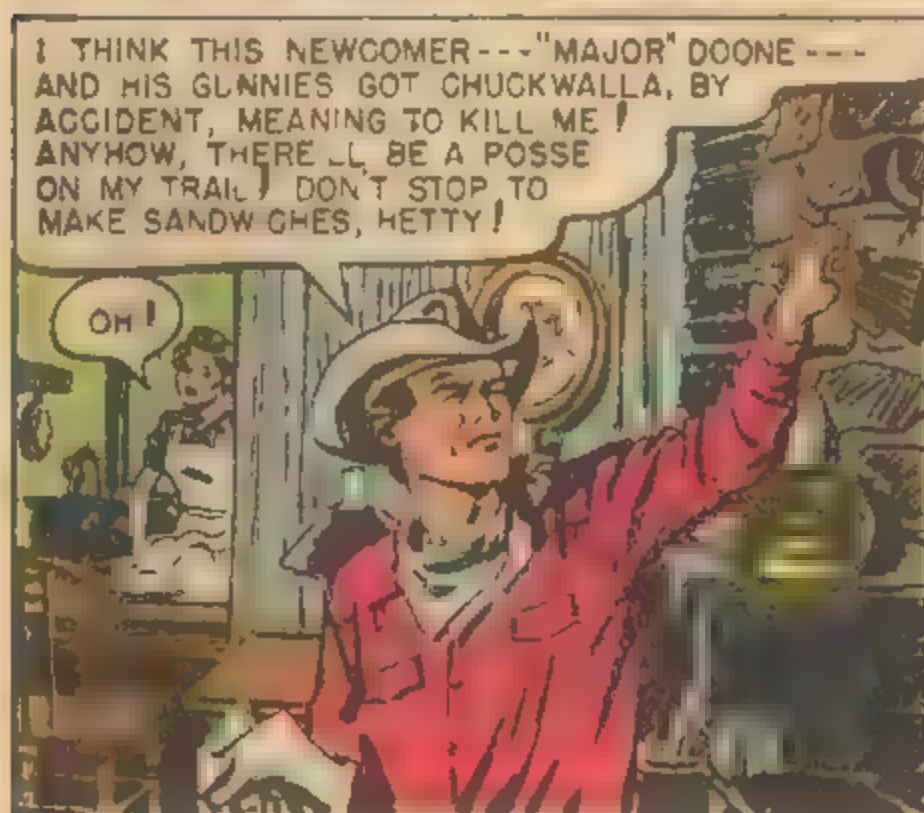
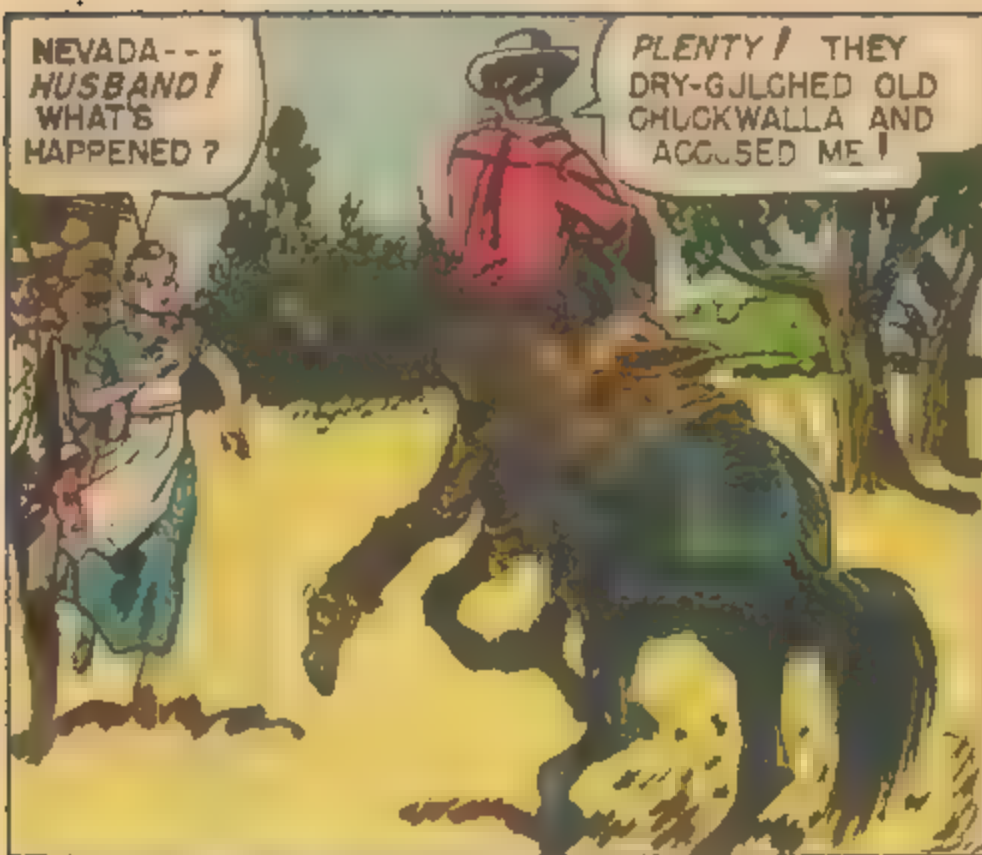


WHEE HEE  
HAW HAW  
HAW!

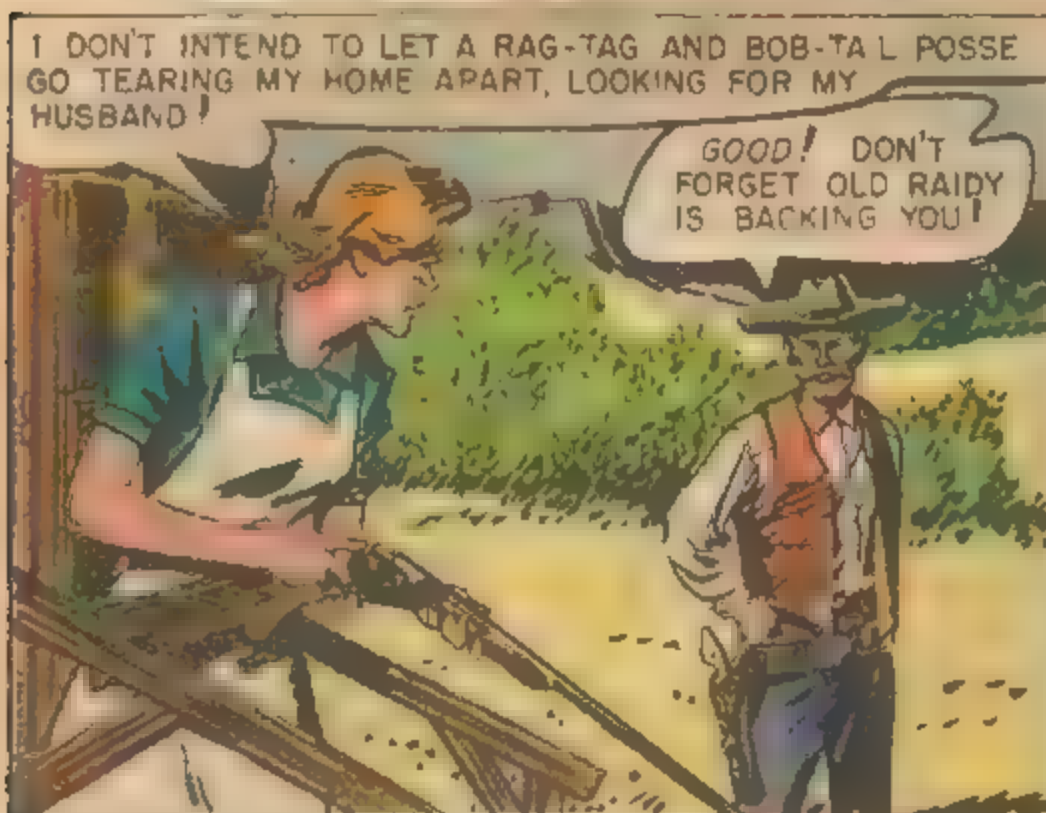
THAT'S NEVADA  
COMING, MIZ  
HETTY! ON  
A TEAR!

OH, RAIDY! I'M SCARED! I FEEL  
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

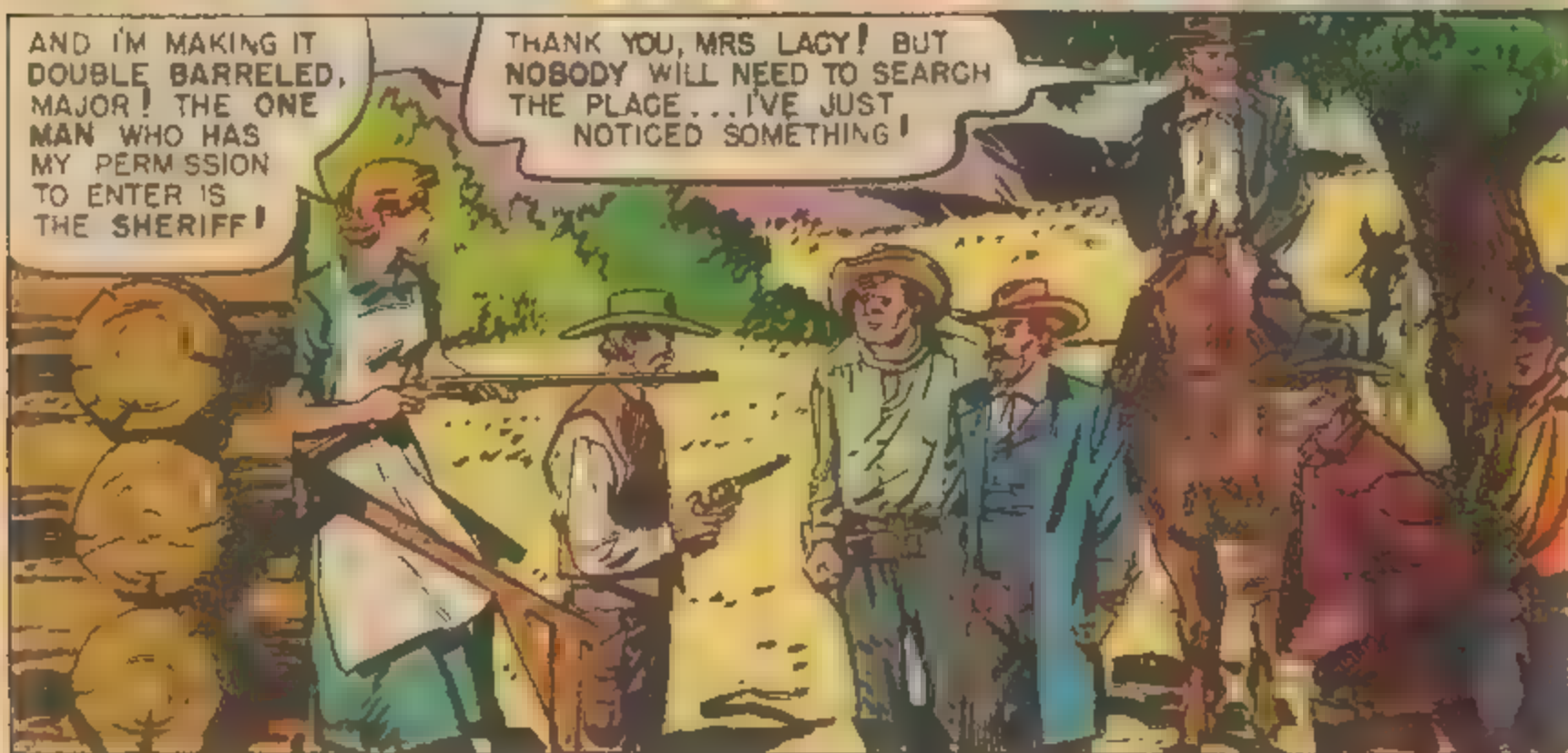
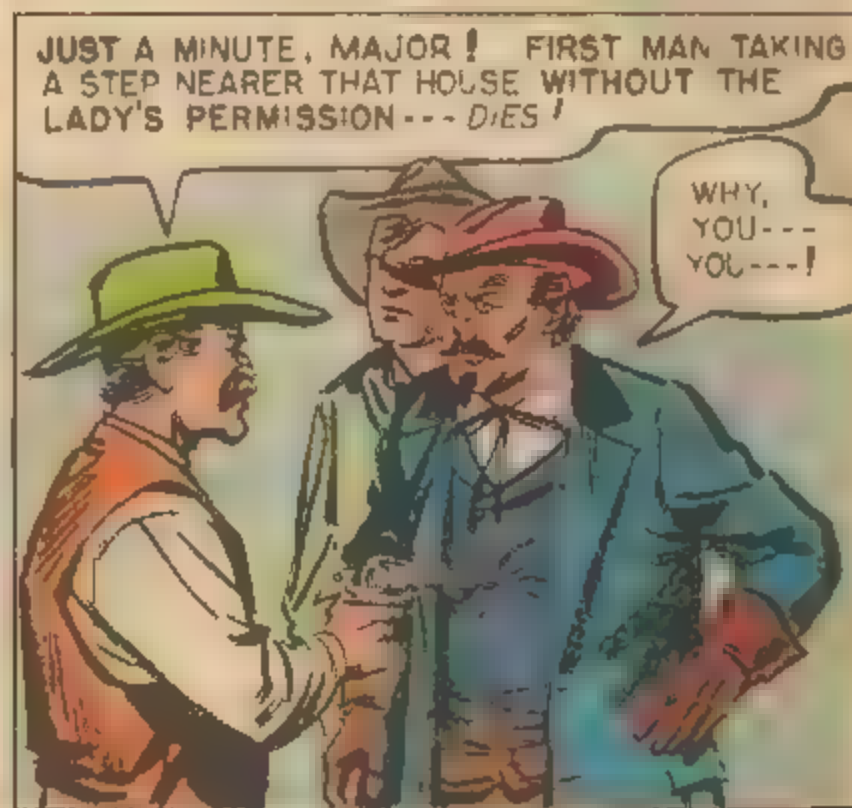
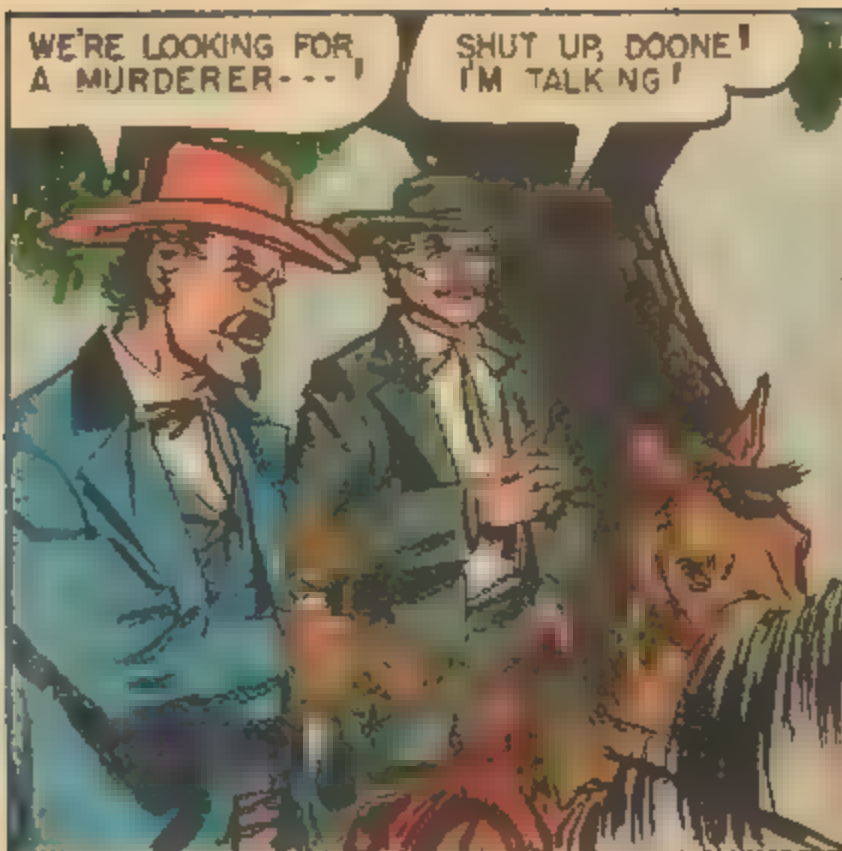














NEVADA RODE THAT BLACK HORSE! THERE'S BRIDLE AND SADDLE MARKS STILL SHOWING SWEATY! AND HIS PRIZE STALLION, CALIFORNIA RED, IS GONE!



MOUNT UP, MAJOR! NO HORSE IN ARIZONA CAN CATCH THAT BIG RED! WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!



THEY'RE HEADING BACK TO TOWN--- ON THE SHERIFF'S ORDERS, L KELY! DOONE AND HIS BUNCH MAY BE BRANCHING OFF ON THE ROAD TO KETTLE



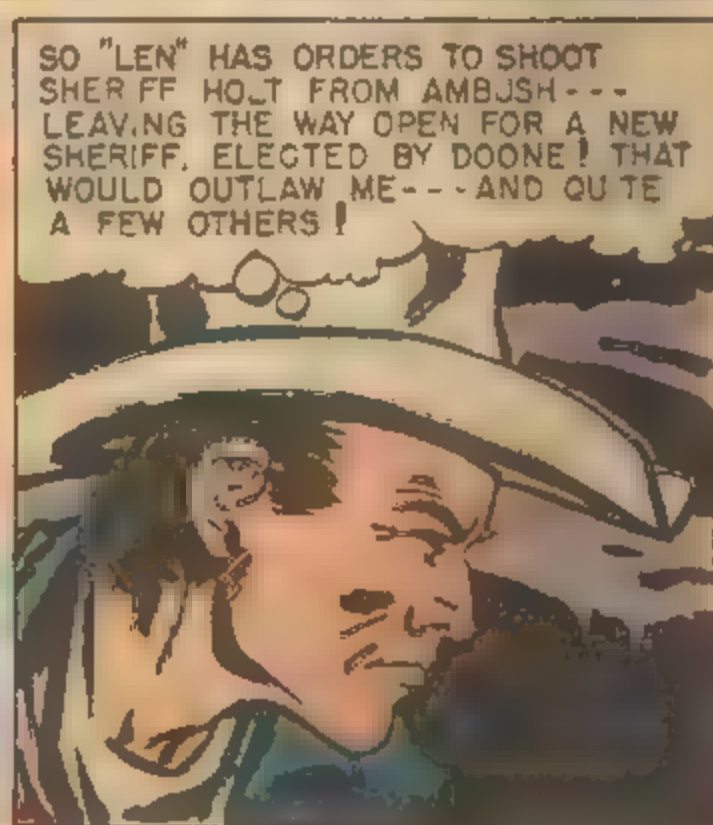
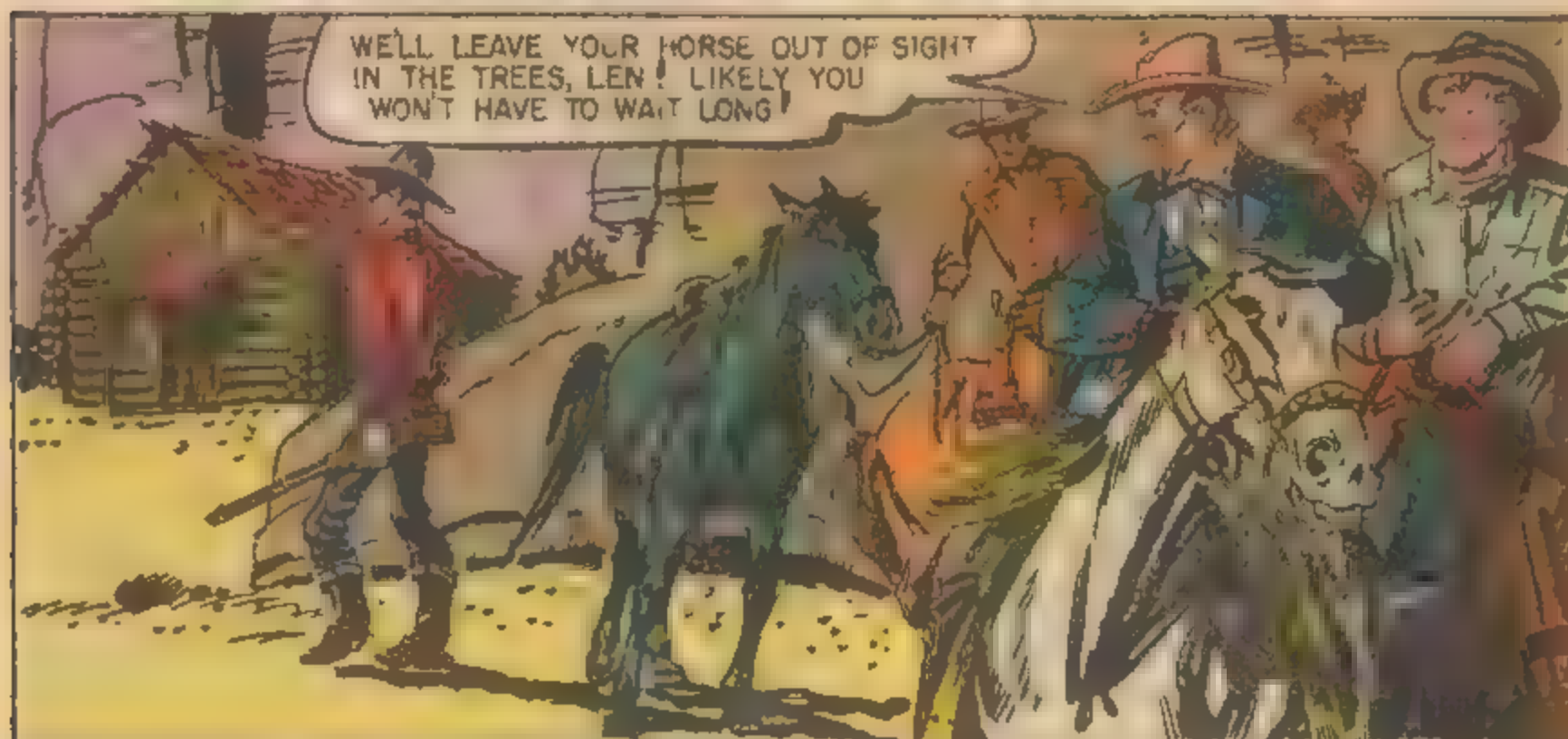
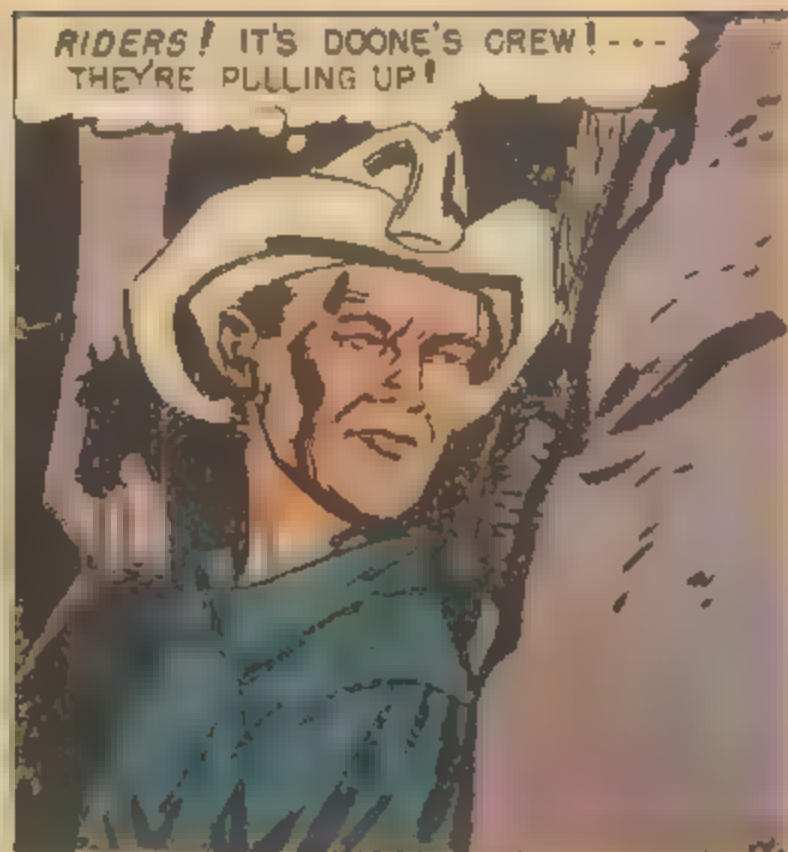
I WANT A QUIET TALK WITH SHERIFF SAM HOLT---ALONE! AND KNOW THE PLACE! HE'LL BE OUT AT CHUCK-WALLA'S SHACK BEFORE LONG, TO CHECK ON THINGS!



THERE'S THE PLACE! AND I CAN HIDE RED IN THAT ROCK CLEFT!











CAT-FOOTED, NEVADA  
EASES INTO THE WOODSHED.



INSIDE THE SHACK, "LEN"  
LIFTS HIS R FLE. TO AIM!

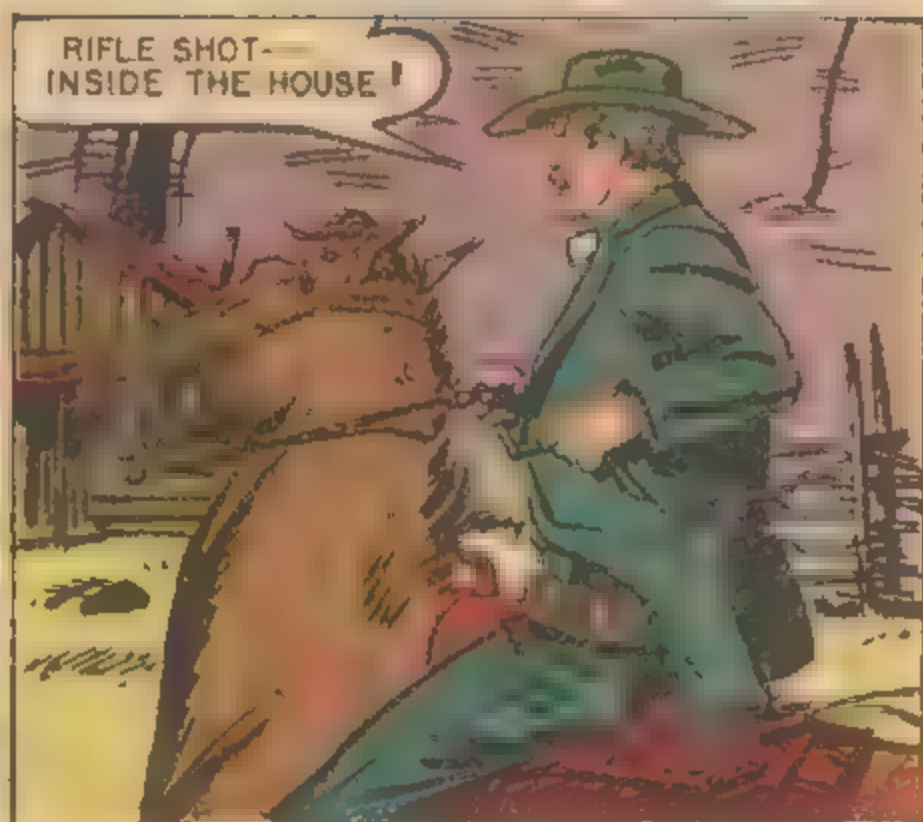


DROP IT!

AHHHH--!



BANG!



RIFLE SHOT-  
INSIDE THE HOUSE!



SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THERE!



UMMM! THANKS, NEVADA! I'D HAVE BEEN A "SITTING DUCK" FOR HIM!



YOU'RE ONE OF DOONE'S IMPORTED GUN HANDS! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

L-LEN GUSSET!

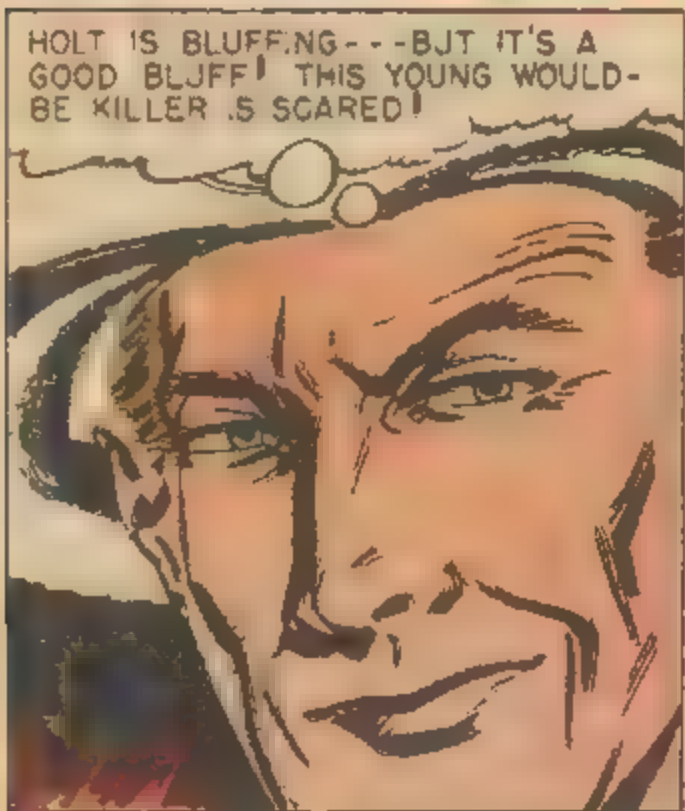


LEN GUSSET, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF CHUCKWALLA HARRIS!

NO!  
NO!  
I DIDN'T!

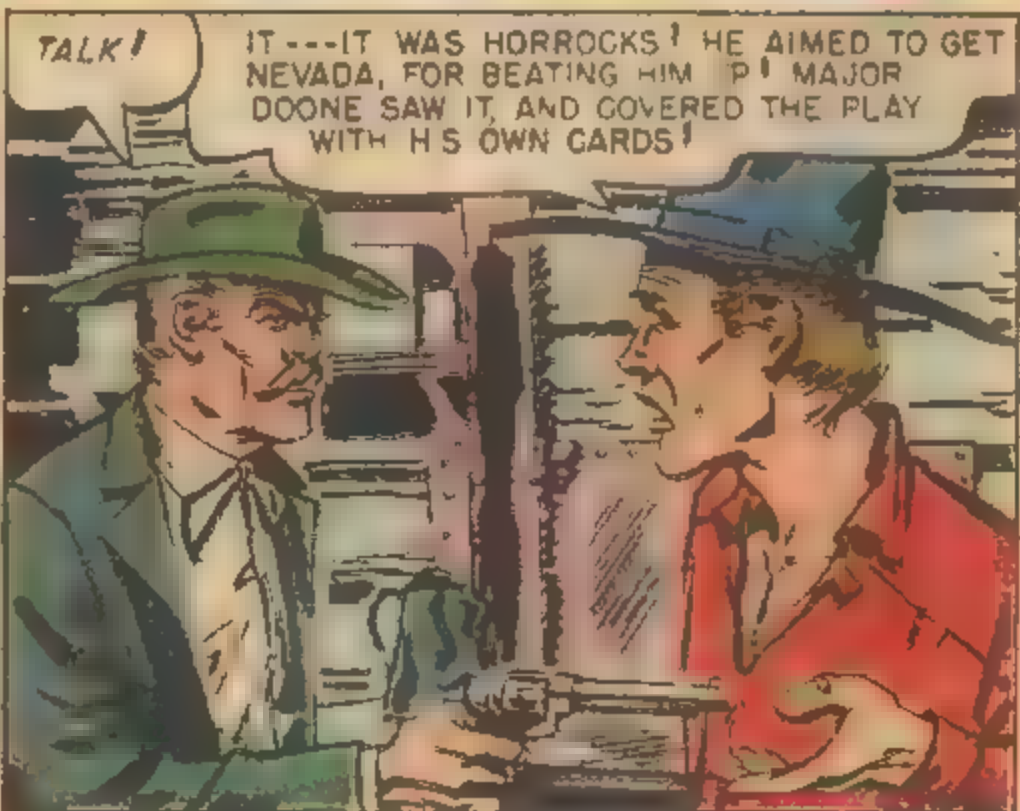


HOLT IS BLUFFING---BUT IT'S A GOOD BLUFF! THIS YOUNG WOULD-BE KILLER IS SCARED!



TALK!

IT---IT WAS HORROCKS! HE AIMED TO GET NEVADA, FOR BEATING HIM! P! MAJOR DOONE SAW IT, AND COVERED THE PLAY WITH HIS OWN CARDS!





GOOD WORK, SAM! I'LL COVER YOUR  
START BACK TO TOWN---BUT I HAVE  
A HUNCH DOONE LEFT SOMEBODY  
WITHIN HEARING OF THAT RIFLE  
SHOT! IN WHICH CASE---

...IN WHICH  
CASE WE'LL  
BE JUMPED  
BEFORE I CAN  
GET HIM TO  
JAIL, RIDING  
DOUBLE!

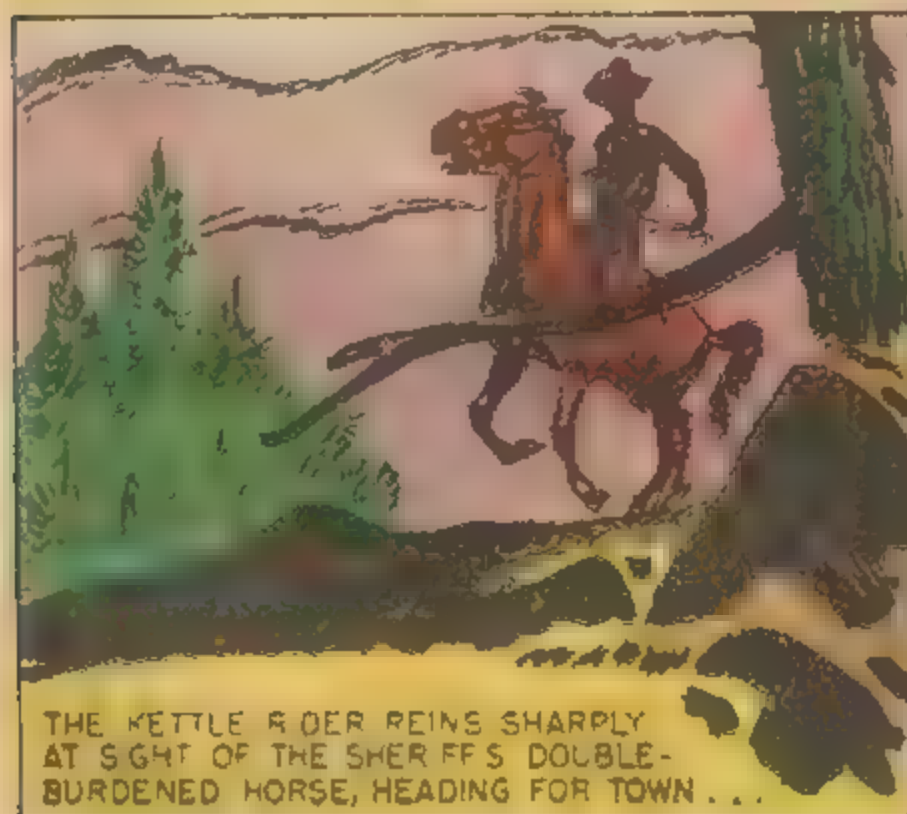


BETTER START NOW, SAM! I'LL BE  
WATCHING YOU---BUT AT A DISTANCE!  
WE'LL SEE MORE, THAT WAY!



SHERFF HOLT LOSES NO TIME  
IN LEAVING WITH HIS PRISONER

I THOUGHT SO! THEY HAD A MAN WAITING,  
UP THE TRAIL---AND HE PROBABLY HEARD  
THE SHOT WHEN LEN DROPPED HIS RIFLE!  
HE'LL SPOT THE SHERFF, NOW!



THE KETTLE RIDER REINS SHARPLY  
AT SIGHT OF THE SHERFF'S DOUBLE-  
BURDENED HORSE, HEADING FOR TOWN...

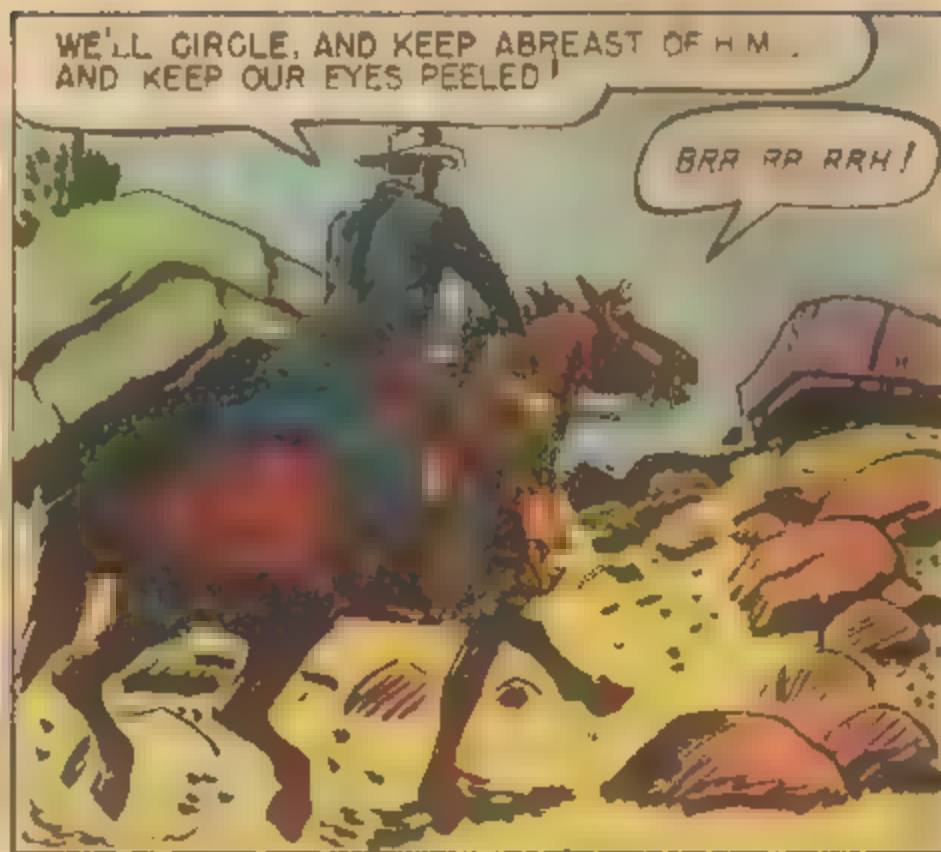


AND BURNS THE  
WIND TOWARD DOONE'S  
HEADQUARTERS!



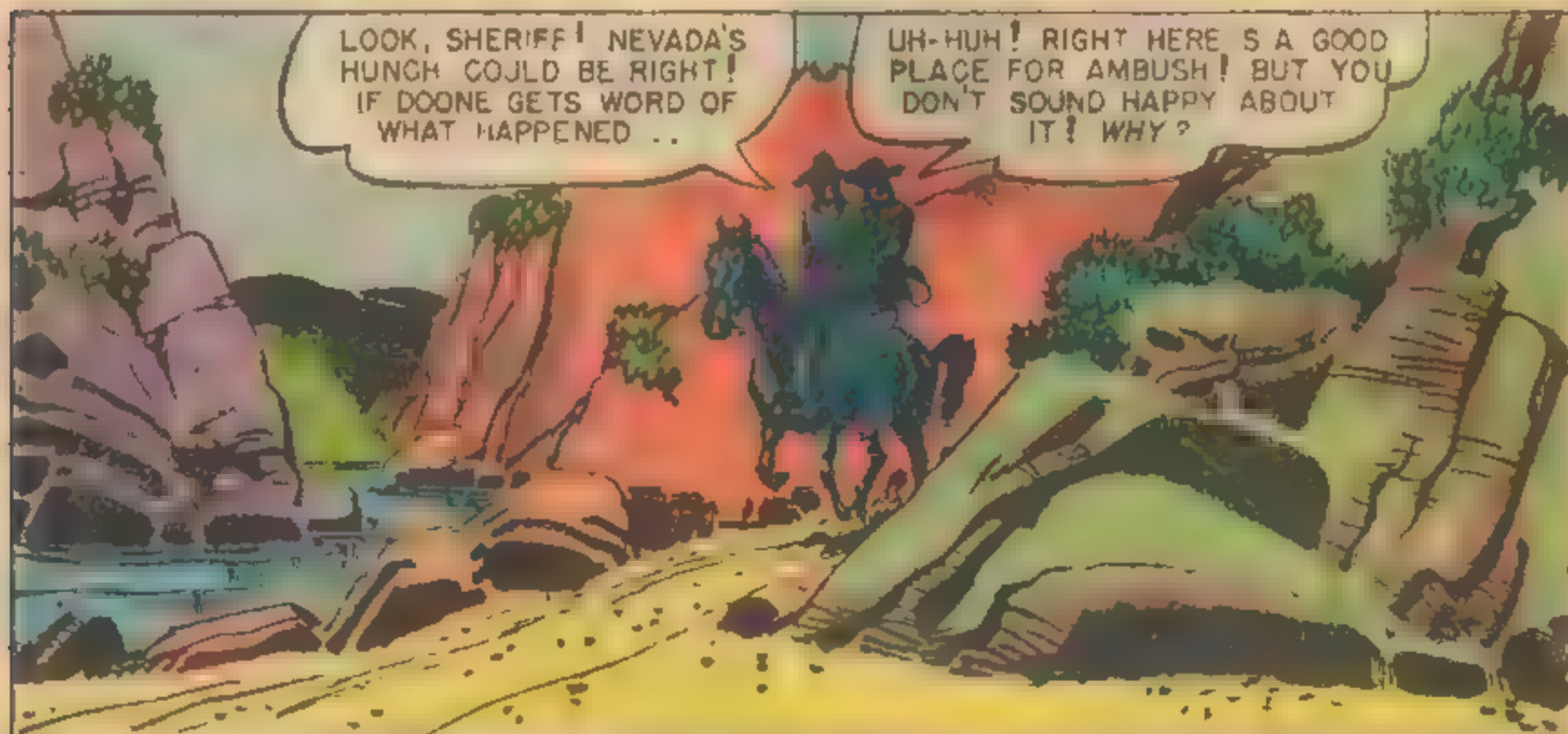


NOW, RED, IT'S A SURE BET  
THEY'LL TRY TO CUT  
HOLT OFF! THE  
QUESTION IS---  
WHERE?



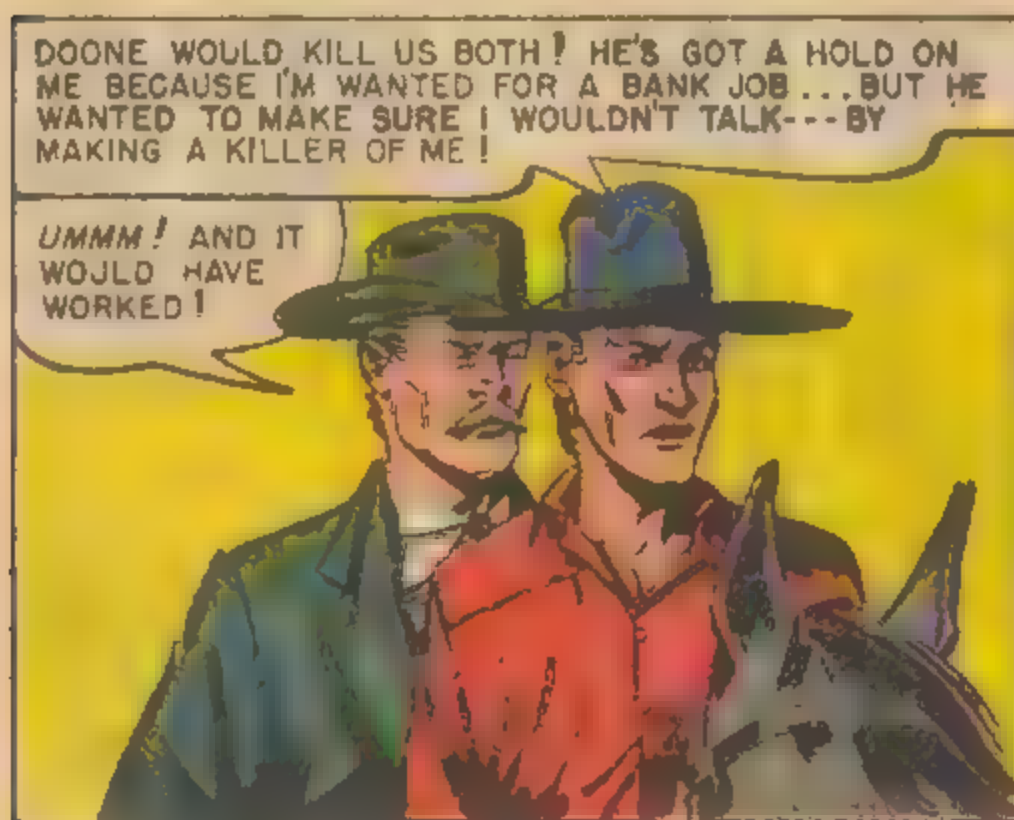
WE'LL CIRCLE, AND KEEP ABREAST OF H.M.  
AND KEEP OUR EYES PEELED!

BRR RR RRH!



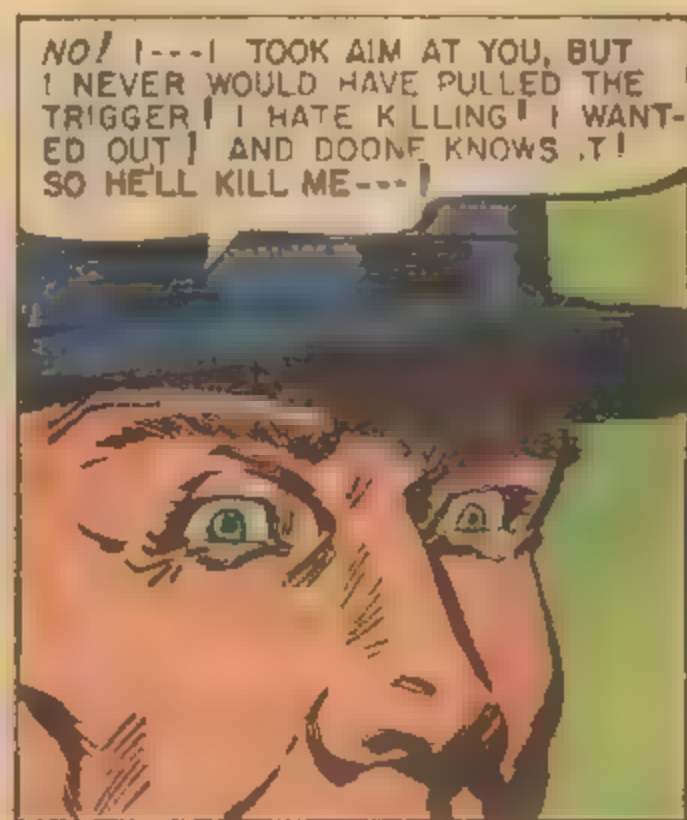
LOOK, SHERIFF! NEVADA'S  
HUNCH COULD BE RIGHT!  
IF DOONE GETS WORD OF  
WHAT HAPPENED ..

UH-HUH! RIGHT HERE S A GOOD  
PLACE FOR AMBUSH! BUT YOU  
DON'T SOUND HAPPY ABOUT  
IT! WHY?



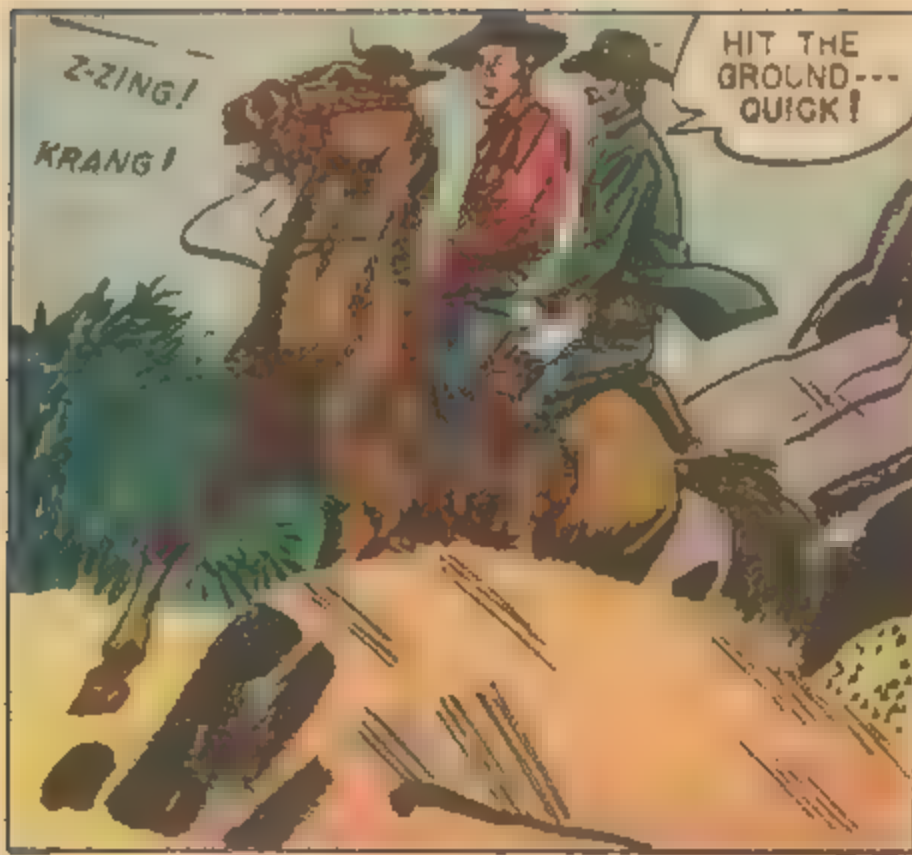
DOONE WOULD KILL US BOTH! HE'S GOT A HOLD ON  
ME BECAUSE I'M WANTED FOR A BANK JOB... BUT HE  
WANTED TO MAKE SURE I WOULDN'T TALK--- BY  
MAKING A KILLER OF ME!

UMMM! AND IT  
WOULD HAVE  
WORKED!



NO! I---I TOOK AIM AT YOU, BUT  
I NEVER WOULD HAVE PULLED THE  
TRIGGER! I HATE KILLING! I WANT-  
ED OUT! AND DOONE KNOWS IT!  
SO HE'LL KILL ME---









BANG!

AAH-  
HHH!

CAUGHT BY THE SHERIFF'S BULLET FROM  
BELOW - HORROCKS IS LIFTED ALMOST  
OFF HIS FEET!



WINGED ANOTHER  
ONE, RED!

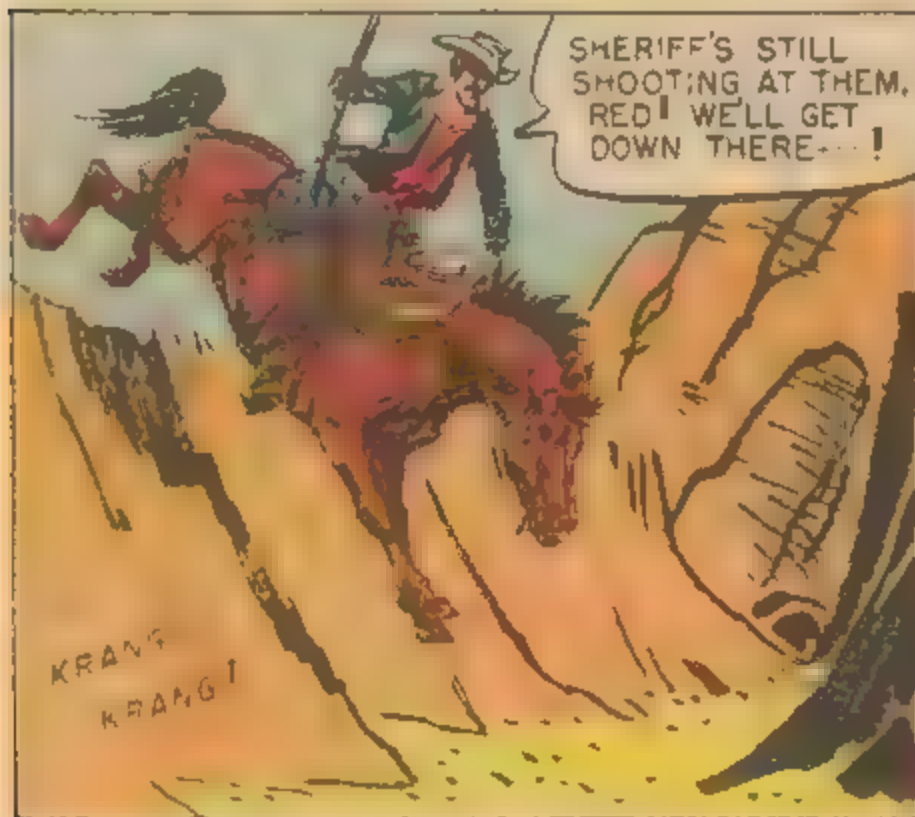
KRANG!



HOW ARE WE GOING  
TO R DE--- WITH  
HORROCKS?

TIE HIM ACROSS HIS SADDLE!  
HE'S DONE FOR, ANYHOW!

MMM! MY  
ARM---



SHERIFF'S STILL  
SHOOTING AT THEM,  
RED! WE'LL GET  
DOWN THERE--!

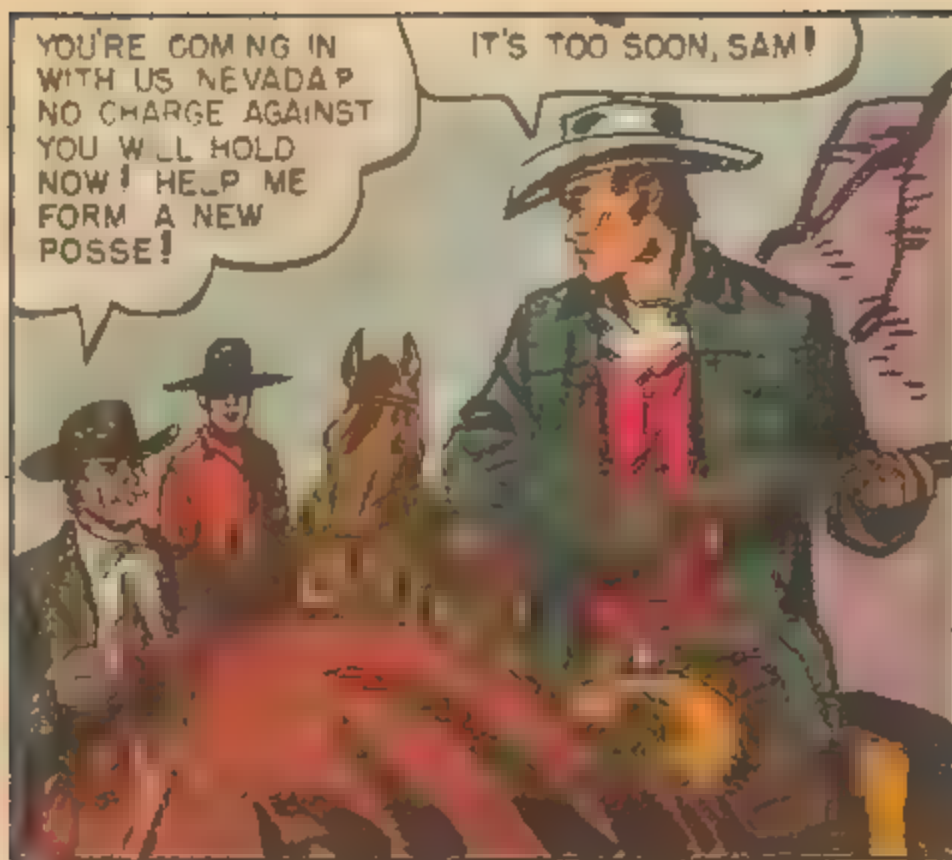
KRANG  
KRANG!



THEY'RE RUNNING, SAM! IS YOUR  
PRISONER HARD HIT?

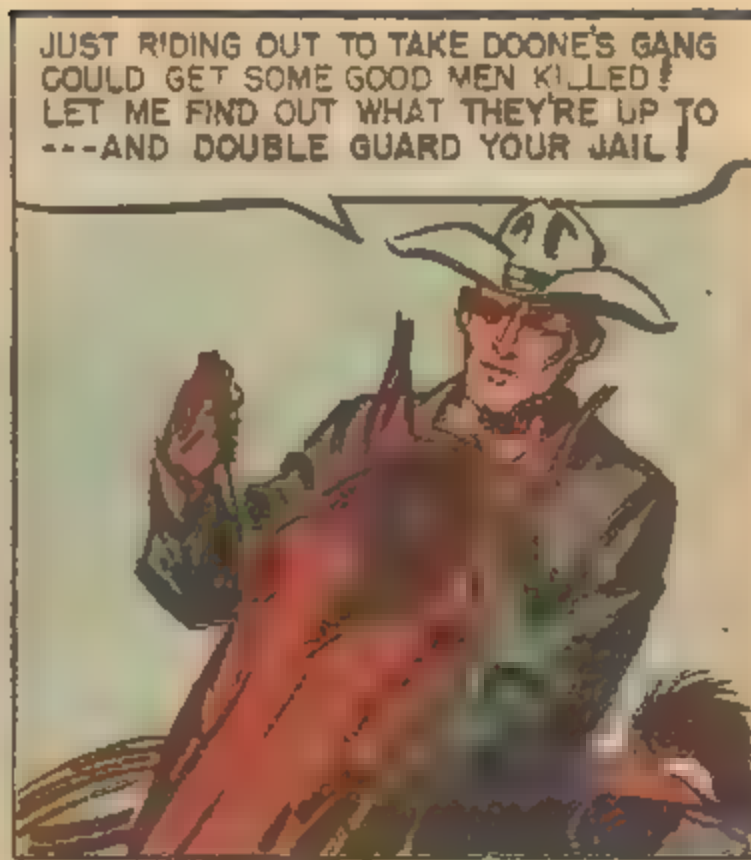
NOT TOO HARD!  
HE CAN R DE!  
MY THANKS TO  
YOU AGAIN  
NEVADA!





YOU'RE COMING IN  
WITH US NEVADA?  
NO CHARGE AGAINST  
YOU WILL HOLD  
NOW! HELP ME  
FORM A NEW  
POSSE!

IT'S TOO SOON, SAM!



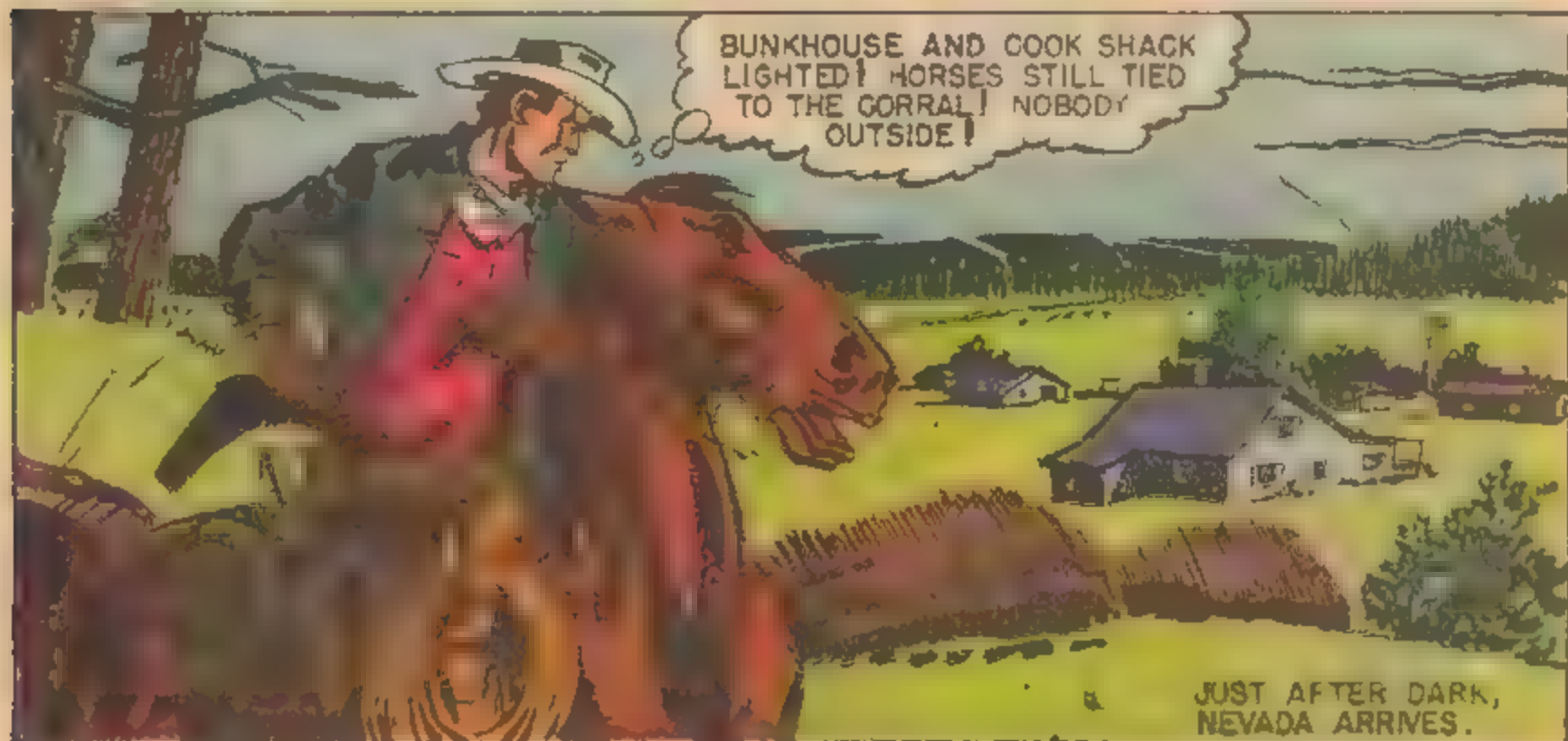
JUST RIDING OUT TO TAKE DOONE'S GANG  
COULD GET SOME GOOD MEN KILLED!  
LET ME FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO  
---AND DOUBLE GUARD YOUR JAIL!



THAT MAKES SENSE! IF HE DOESN'T  
STOP A BULLET FIRST, HE'LL GET  
THERE ABOUT DARK!



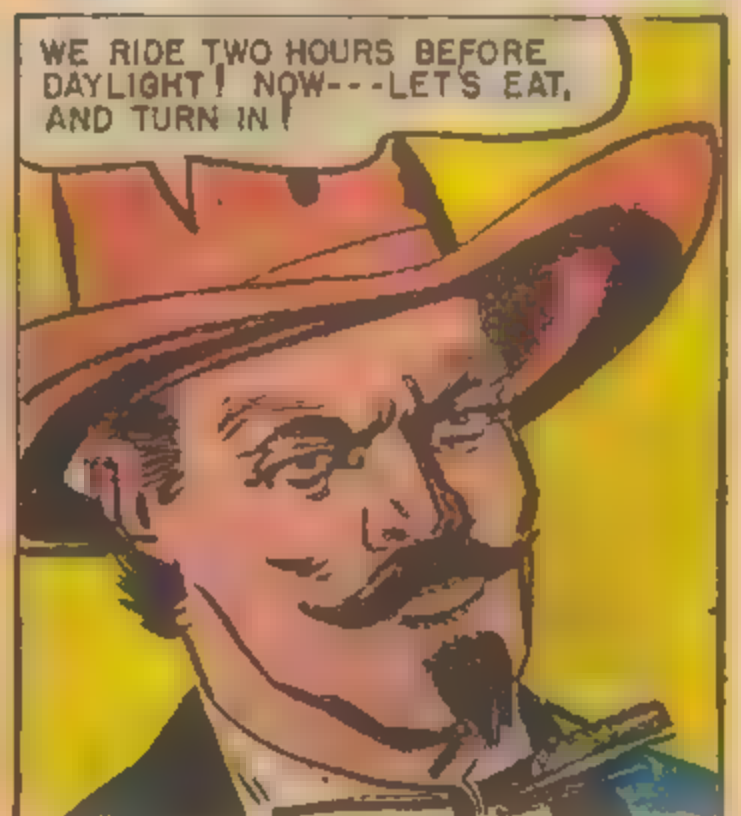
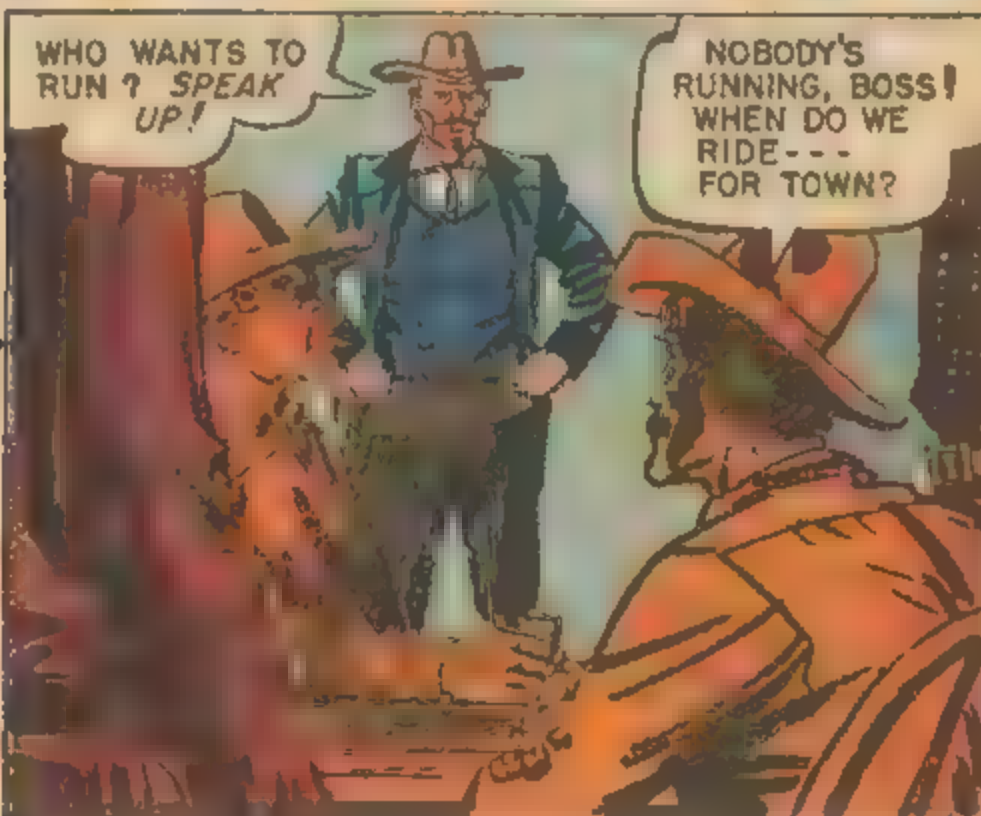
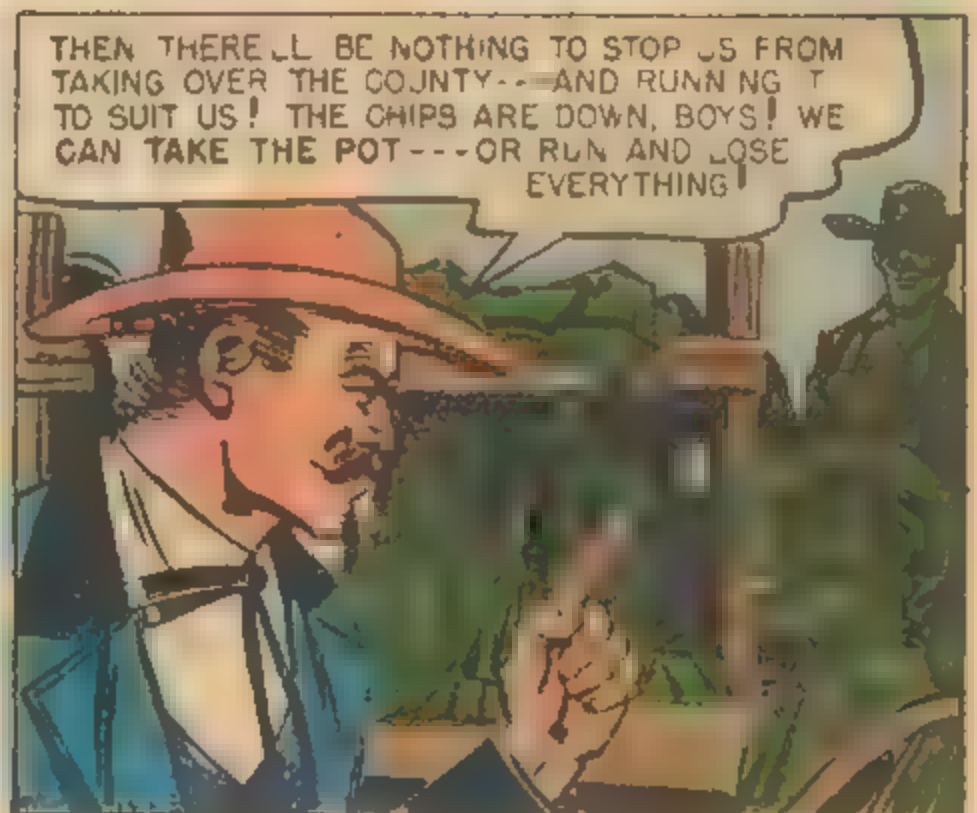
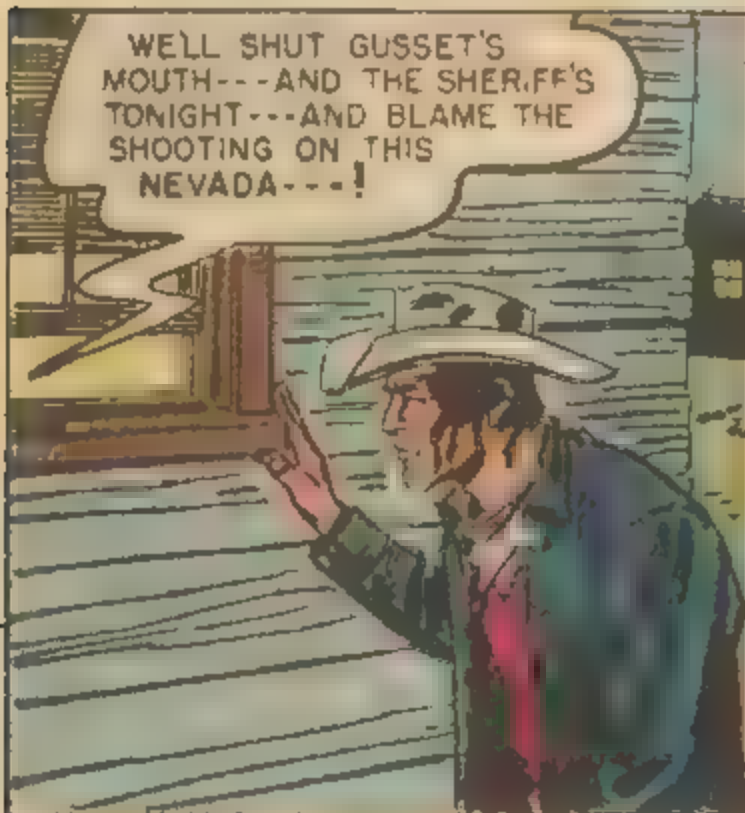
I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS  
MAJOR DOONE---AND HIS BEARD!  
BACK IN TOWN, THERE WAS SOME-  
THING ABOUT HIS VOICE---AND  
THE SWING OF HIS SHOULDERS---



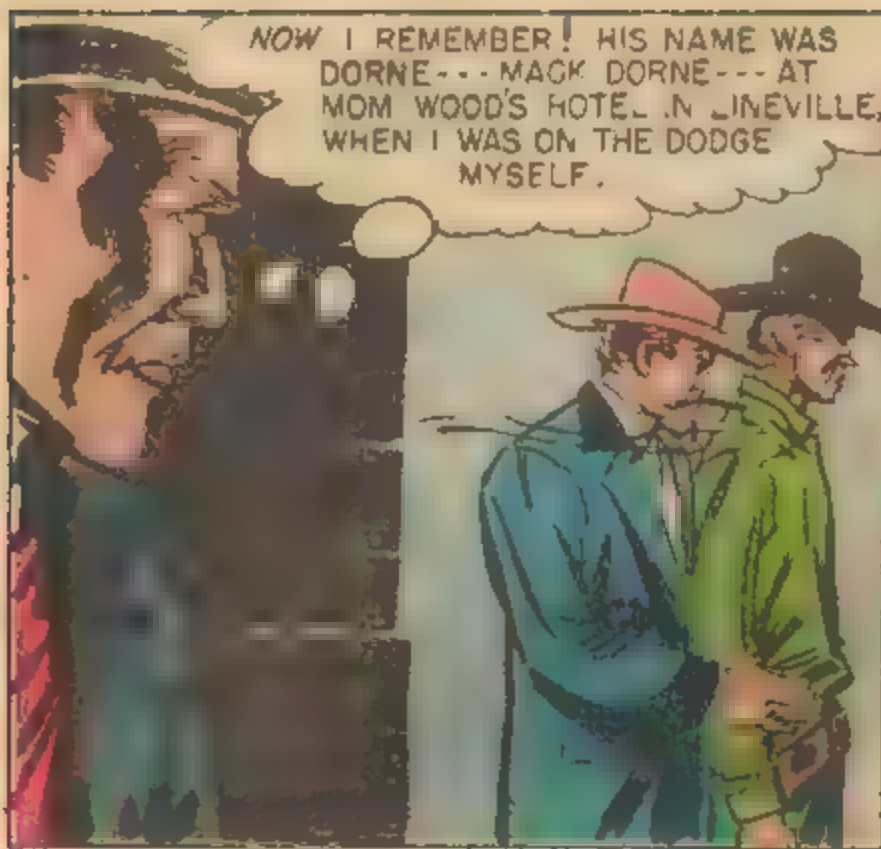
BUNKHOUSE AND COOK SHACK  
LIGHTED! HORSES STILL TIED  
TO THE CORRAL! NOBODY  
OUTSIDE!

JUST AFTER DARK,  
NEVADA ARRIVES.









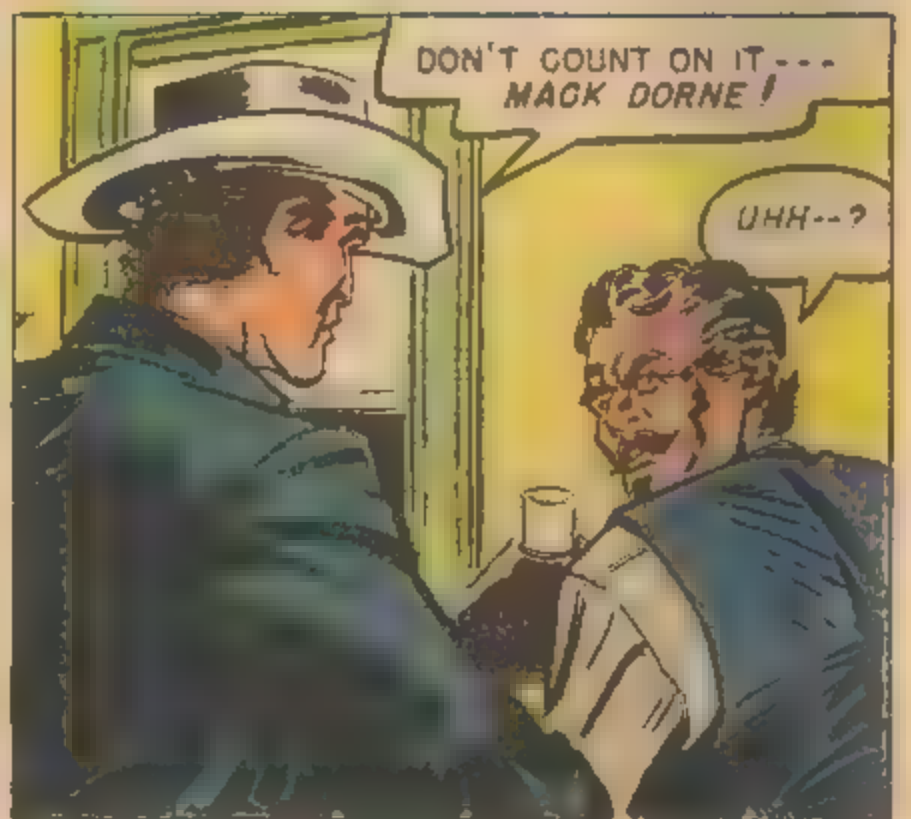
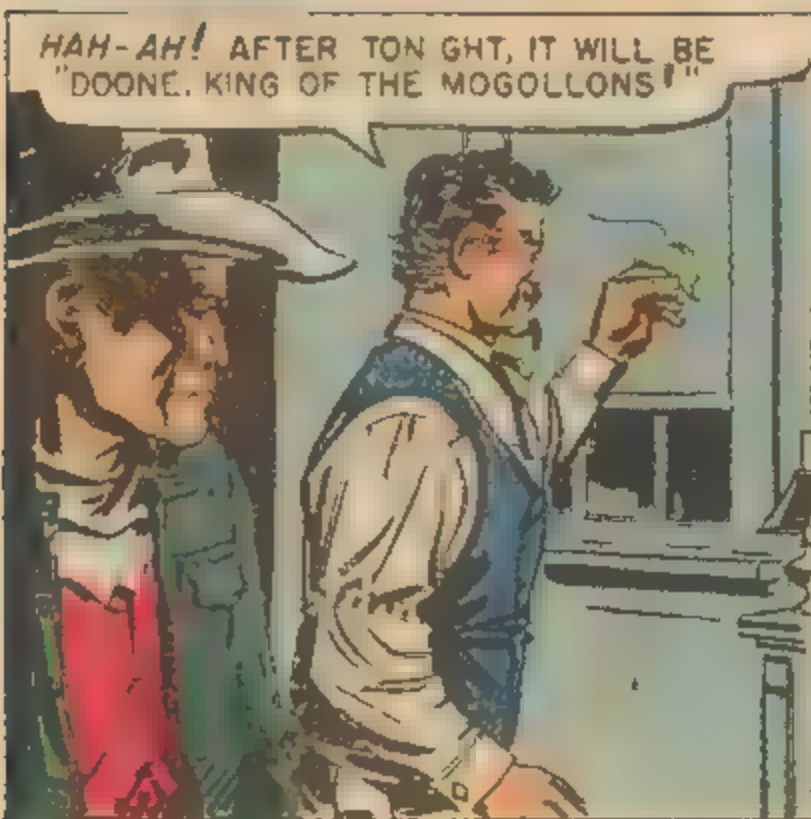
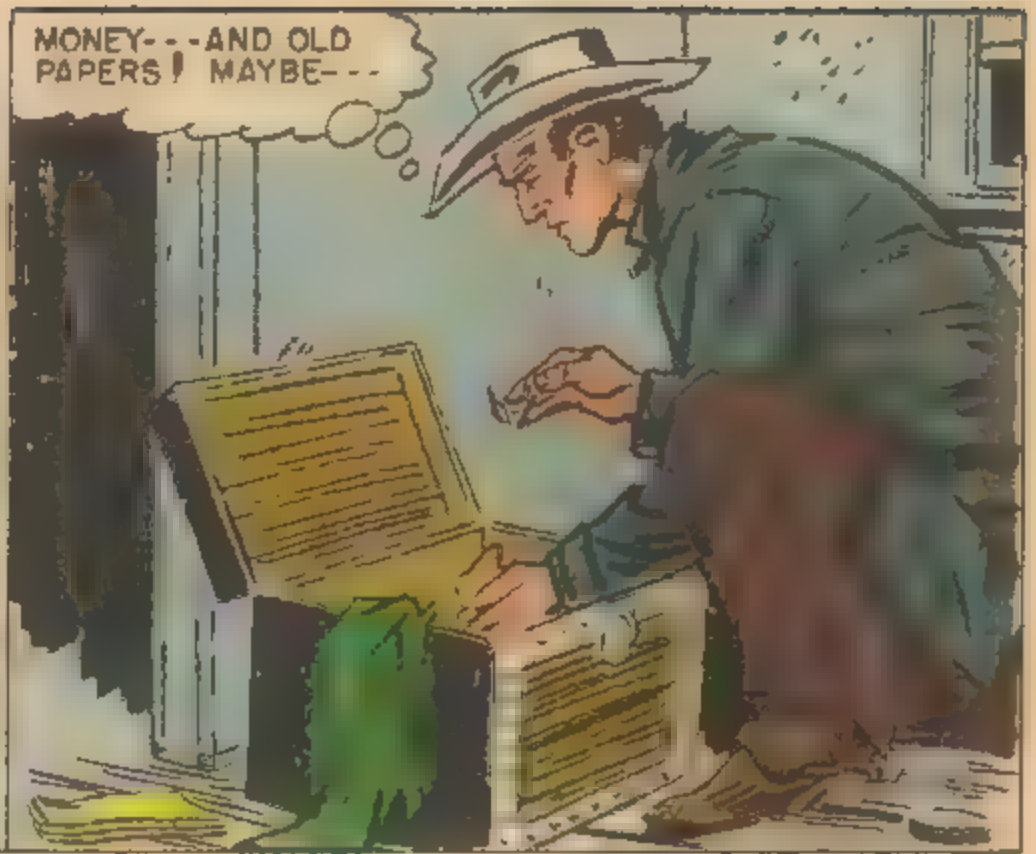
"... HE WAS LAUGHING AT HIS OWN PICTURE ON A REWARD NOTICE!"



"HE RIPPED IT OFF, FOLDED IT UP, AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET!"











HE'S OUT! I'LL TIE AND GAG HIM--- AND  
HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS!



IT LOOKS LIKE THE REST OF THEM ARE  
STILL IN THE COOK SHACK! HERE'S  
HOPING I'M RIGHT!



HE'S STARTING  
TO WAKE UP!

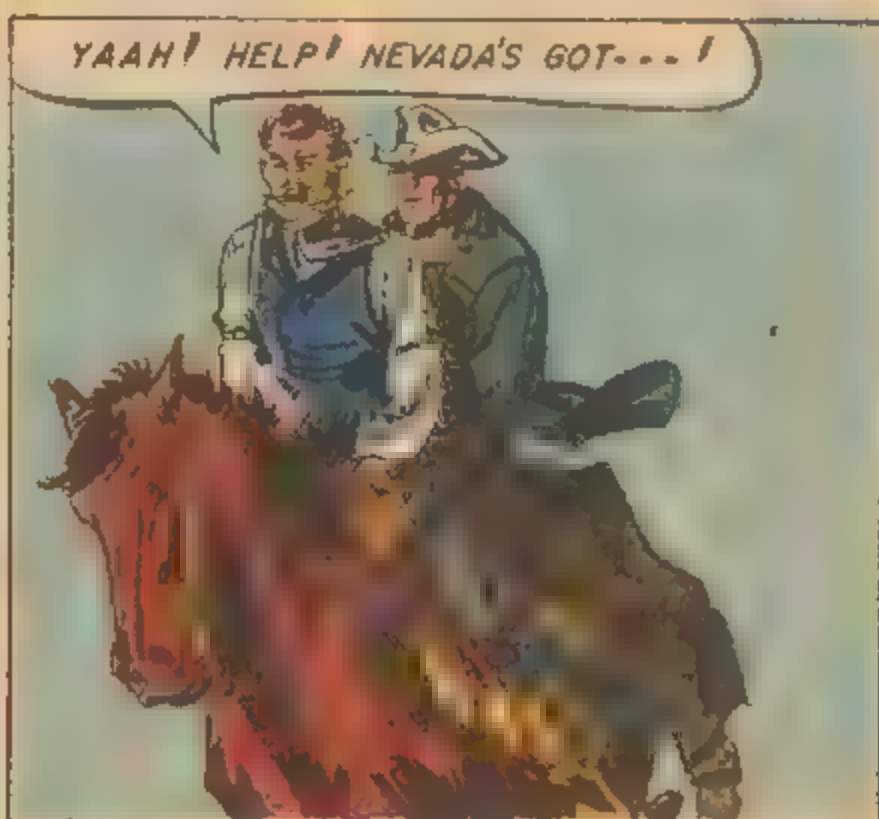


UMM-GG! UMPH!

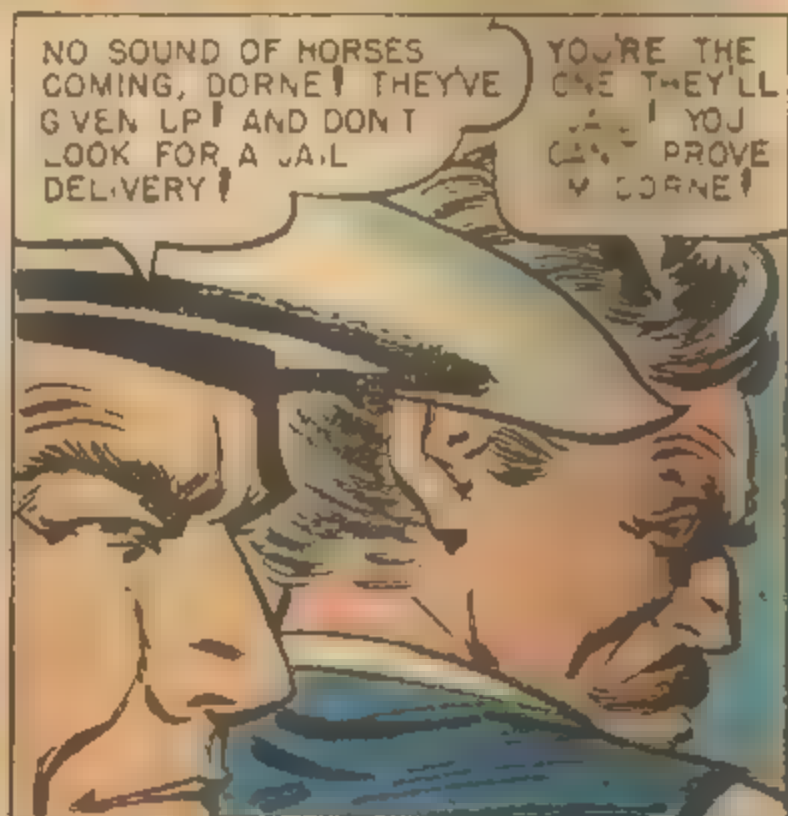
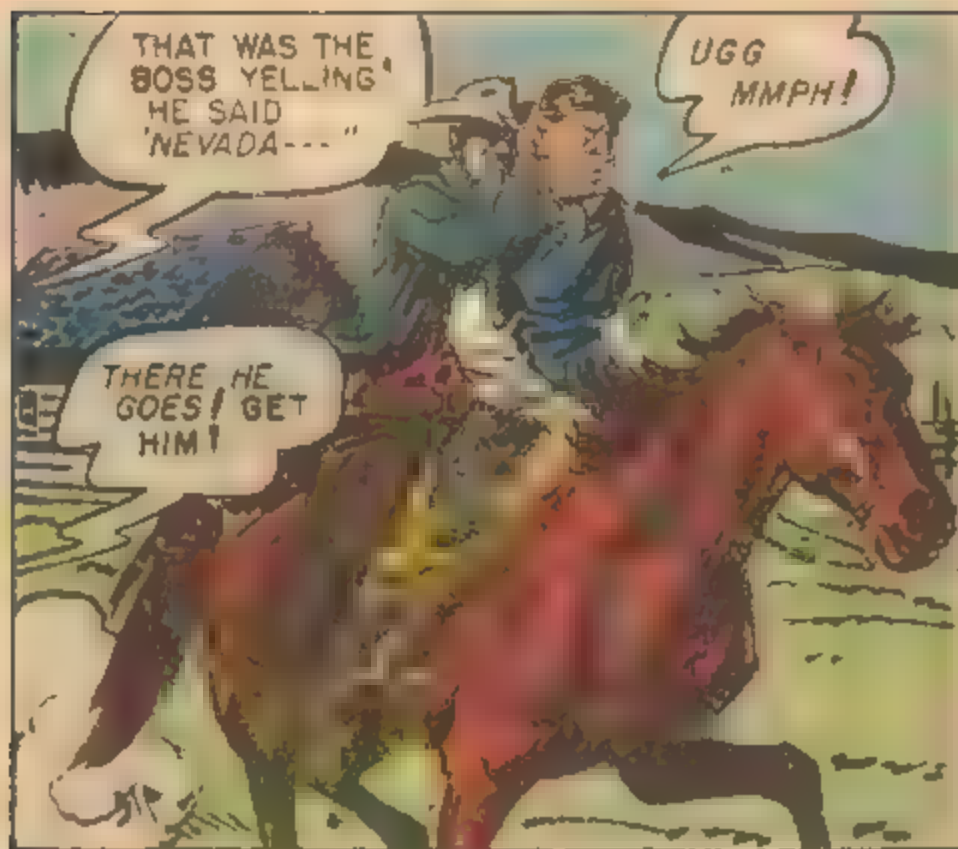
MAKE A FIGHT,  
DORNE--- AND  
I'LL HAVE TO  
KNOCK YOU OUT  
AGAIN...  
STEADY, RED!



YAAH! HELP! NEVADA'S GOT...!







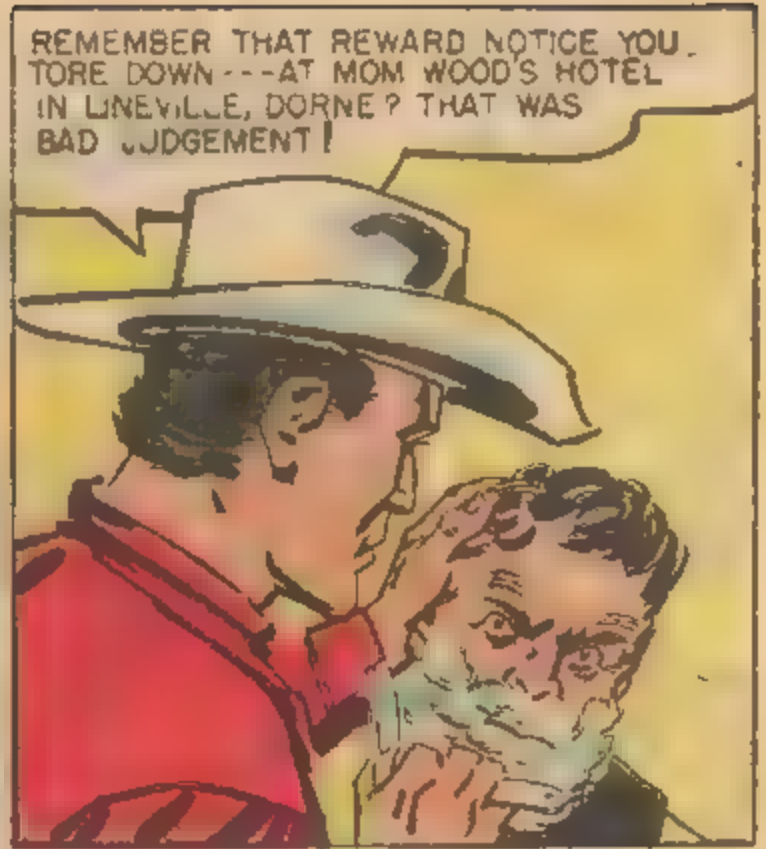


LATER --- AT THE JAIL ---

HOLT, IF YOU LET THIS OUTLAW TOUCH MY BEARD I'LL HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF THE TERRITORY! I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN GOVERNMENT ---

I'LL RISK IT, DOONE --- GO AHEAD, NEVADA!

REMEMBER THAT REWARD NOTICE YOU TORE DOWN --- AT MOM WOOD'S HOTEL IN LINEVILLE, DORNE? THAT WAS BAD JUDGEMENT!

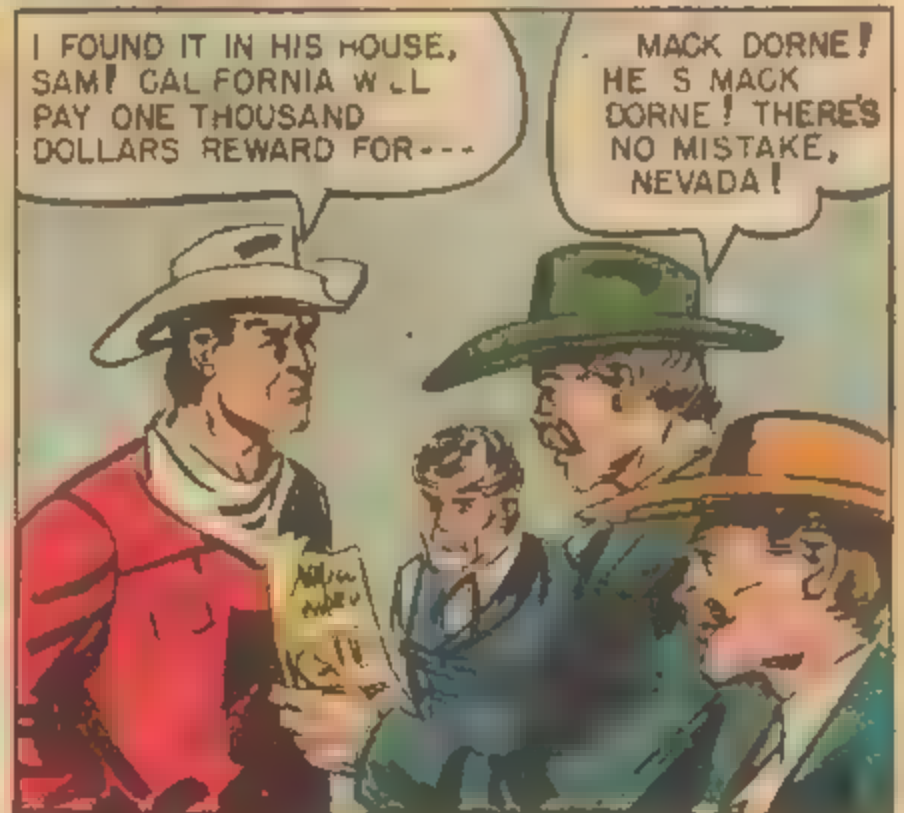


AND IT WAS WORSE JUDGEMENT TO KEEP IT!

HUH? WHAT DO YOU ---?

I FOUND IT IN HIS HOUSE, SAM! CAL FORNIA WILL PAY ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR ---

MACK DORNE! HE'S MACK DORNE! THERE'S NO MISTAKE, NEVADA!

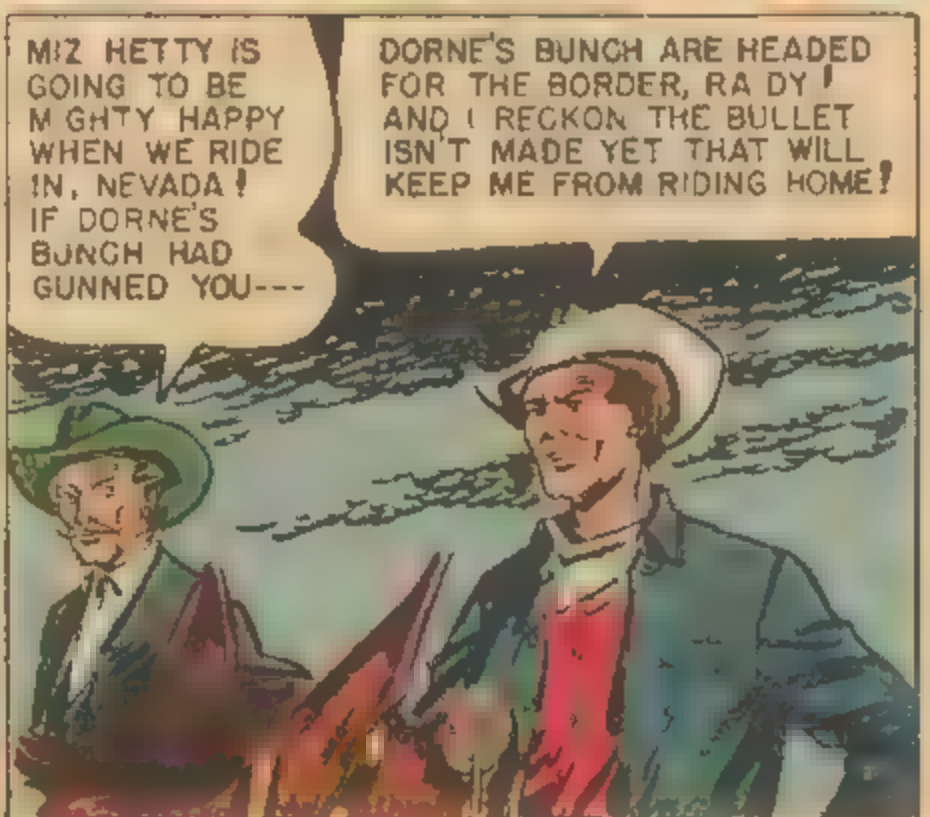
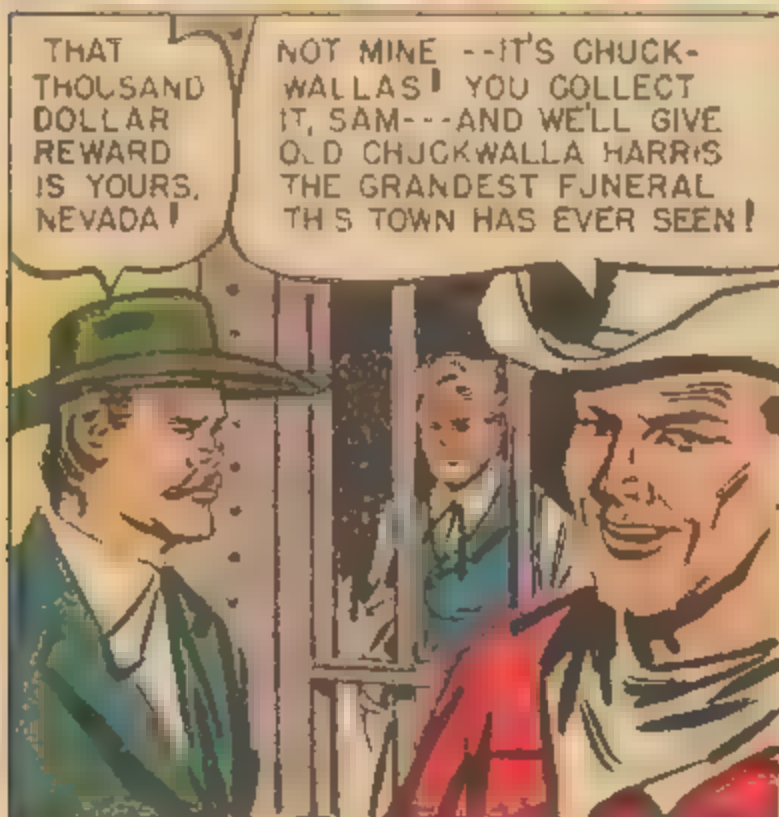


THAT THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD IS YOURS, NEVADA!

NOT MINE --- IT'S CHUCK WALLAS! YOU COLLECT IT, SAM --- AND WE'LL GIVE OLD CHUCKWALLA HARRIS THE GRANDEST FUNERAL THIS TOWN HAS EVER SEEN!

MIZ HETTY IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY HAPPY WHEN WE RIDE IN, NEVADA! IF DORNE'S BUNCH HAD GUNNED YOU ---

DORNE'S BUNCH ARE HEADED FOR THE BORDER, RA DY! AND I RECKON THE BULLET ISN'T MADE YET THAT WILL KEEP ME FROM RIDING HOME!





# The Old Sheriff



The quiet streets of Three Forks were suddenly shattered by the pounding hoofs of a horse and rider that galloped into town and pulled up short in front of the Oasis saloon. The grimy rider was caked with the desert's sand while his horse heaved breathlessly in front of the hitching post. No doubt he had ridden far and fast to get to the little town. With hardly a nod at the hangers-on in front of the saloon, he dismounted, and almost at a run entered the saloon pushing the bat wings with an impatient gesture.

"It's Johnny Keto," said one of the lounging men in front of the saloon. "Never knew him to punish his horse like that. Something must be up."

Almost as a group, the sprawling men in front of the saloon followed Johnny Keto inside. Johnny was frantically staring around the saloon as if looking for someone. He turned to the bartender.

"Where's Sheriff Cole?" he snapped.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" inquired one of the men.

Johnny took a deep breath before answering. "Pony Carter just killed a man over in New Creek and he's heading this way. Should be here in a couple of hours."

There was a long silence. They all knew

that Pony Carter, the gunslinger, always left death in his wake. Then the silence was suddenly broken by the excited chatter of the men who heard the news.

"Let him come," yelled the bartender defiantly. "This town has been right peaceful for a long spell—and if Pony Carter is looking for trouble, Sheriff Cole will give him all he's looking for."

The other men nodded in satisfaction. They all knew that very few gunslingers could stand up to their famous sheriff. Sheriff Cole's reputation had caused more than one gunslinger to make a detour of their town. The speed of the sheriff's draw was hard to match.

Even as the men gloated in their sheriff's reputation, the bat wings were pushed back and the sheriff strode in with a quizzical look on his grizzled face.

"Did I hear my name mentioned?" asked the sheriff good naturedly.

In a matter of seconds, he was surrounded by the men who quickly told him of Pony Carter's imminent arrival. But the mention of Pony Carter caused the sheriff to stiffen as if he had been struck a blow.

"He's looking for a showdown, Sheriff—and you're the man to send him up to Boot Hill along with those other gunslingers that came into this town with ideas."

The sheriff dropped his head and slowly turned toward the door. He stopped at the entrance and removed his sheriff's badge which he had worn so long with pride. Tossing it on the table, he looked grimly at the men.

"You'll have to get someone else to stop Pony Carter, boys. I'm turning in my star. It's been a good town and I sure hate leaving it."

With that, he walked out of the saloon, mounted his horse and rode off. The dumbfounded men just stared at the badge gleaming on the table. The man they all had looked up to was running away in fear.

"Guess Sheriff Cole is getting old," the bartender lamely whispered as an excuse.

But as the sheriff rode out of town, he shook his head in despair.

"I just can't kill my own son," he said to himself, "even if he is Pony Carter."



# TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN CATTLE RAISERS ASSOCIATION, RUSTLERS WERE STILL GETTING AWAY WITH BEEF WORTH A SIZEABLE FORTUNE AND THERE WAS NO TELLING WHERE THEY'D STRIKE!



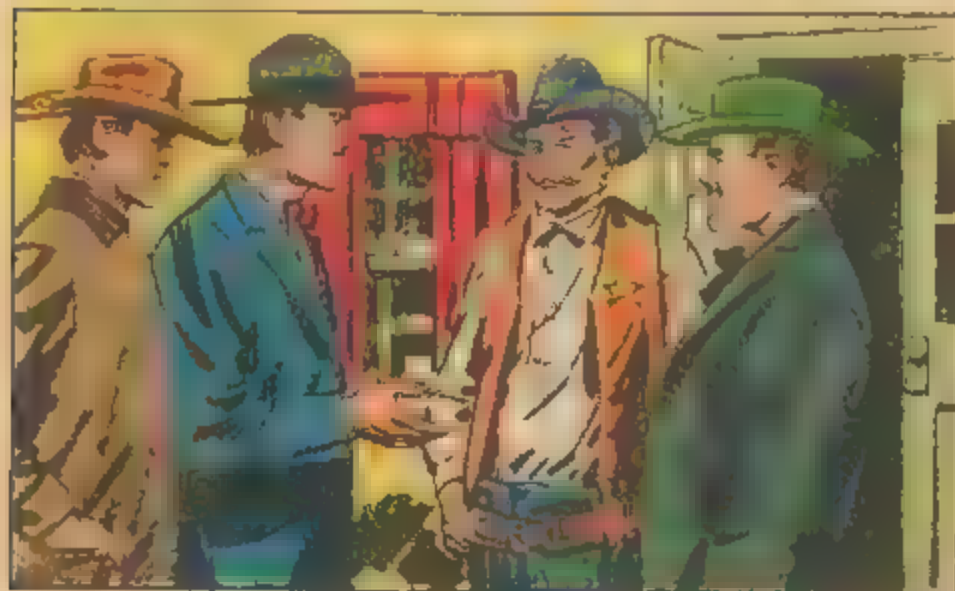
IN CASE OF INTERFERENCE THEY WERE READY TO ANSWER WITH HOT LEAD... AND LEAVE THE REMAINS FOR THE COYOTES!



THAT'S J.C. PILSON'S BRAND, DAVE!

AND THE COW WAS SHIPPED BY ROSS! WE'LL CHECK WITH PILSON BY WRE!

BUT THE INSPECTORS CHECKED ON ALL BRANDS SHIPPED TO THE STOCKYARDS BY THIS AND OTHER MEANS THEY GOT EVIDENCE AGAINST MANY A RUSTLER



ONE EVENING IN SEMINOLE, TEXAS, FOUR MEN STOOD TALKING IN A HOTEL LOBBY: THE SHERIFF, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, AND INSPECTORS DAVE ALLISON AND H.L. ROBERSON. THE INSPECTORS HAD EVIDENCE WHICH COULD CONVICT THE TWO BIG-TIME CATTLE THIEVES



THE TWO SUSPECTS WERE IN TOWN, TOO! IN A QUIET MOMENT THEY ENTERED THE LOBBY





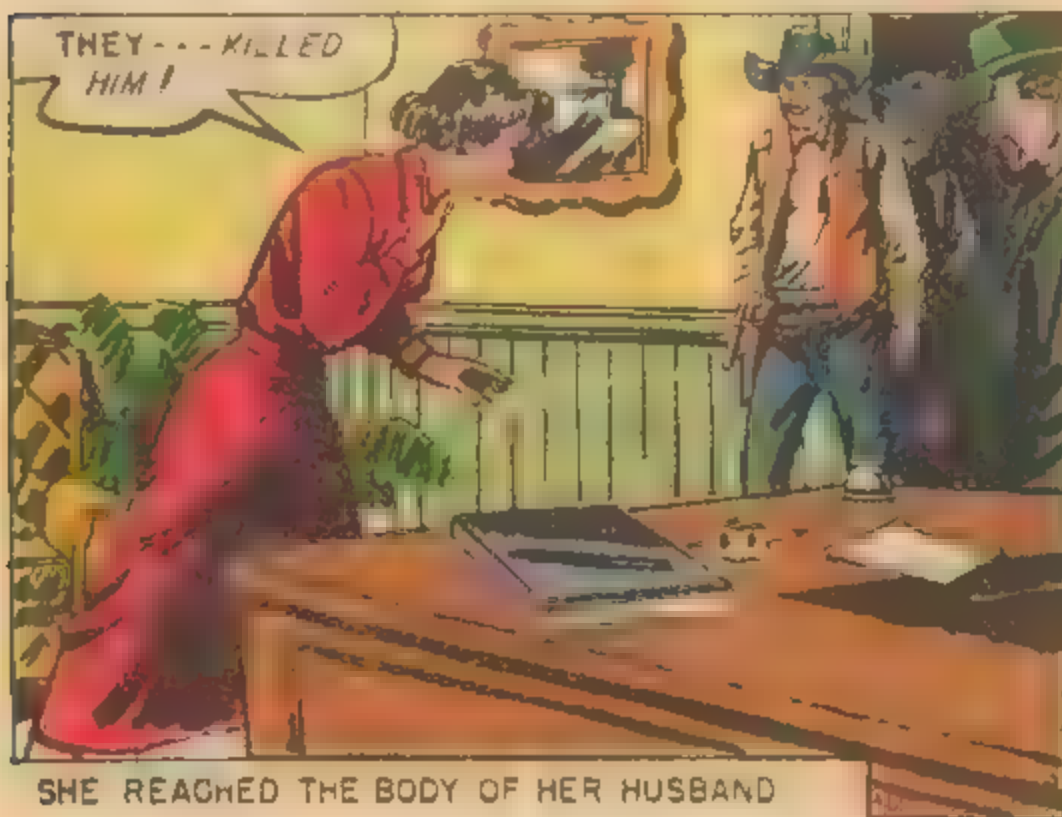
THEY OPENED FIRE WITHOUT WARNING ON THE TWO INSPECTORS! ALL SON AND ROBERSON FELL RIDDLED WITH BULLETS! THE OTHERS WERE NOT HIT!



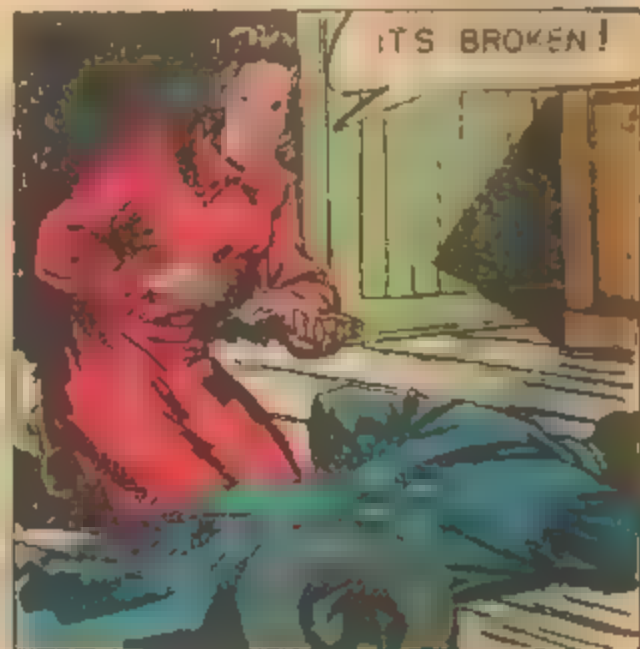
GOOL AND RISS BACKED OUT OF THE HOTEL, SATISFIED THAT NOW THERE WOULD BE NO ONE TO TESTIFY ABOUT THEIR THEFTS. NO ONE STOPPED THEM!



BUT THE MURDERERS HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE SLAIN INSPECTORS! FEARING WHAT THE GUNFIRE MIGHT MEAN, MRS. ROBERSON RAN DOWNSTAIRS FROM HER ROOM TO THE LOBBY



SHE REACHED THE BODY OF HER HUSBAND



AND PULLED UP HER HEAVY CALIBER AUTOMATIC! BUT THE HANDLE WAS SMASHED... USELESS!





THIS WILL DO!  
I'LL FIND THEM!

SHE REMEMBERED THE SMALL PISTOL  
WHICH HER HUSBAND USUALLY CARRIED  
TUCKED UNDER HIS BELT--- AND ROSE  
WITH IT IN HER HAND!



I THINK THEY  
WENT---  
THERE!



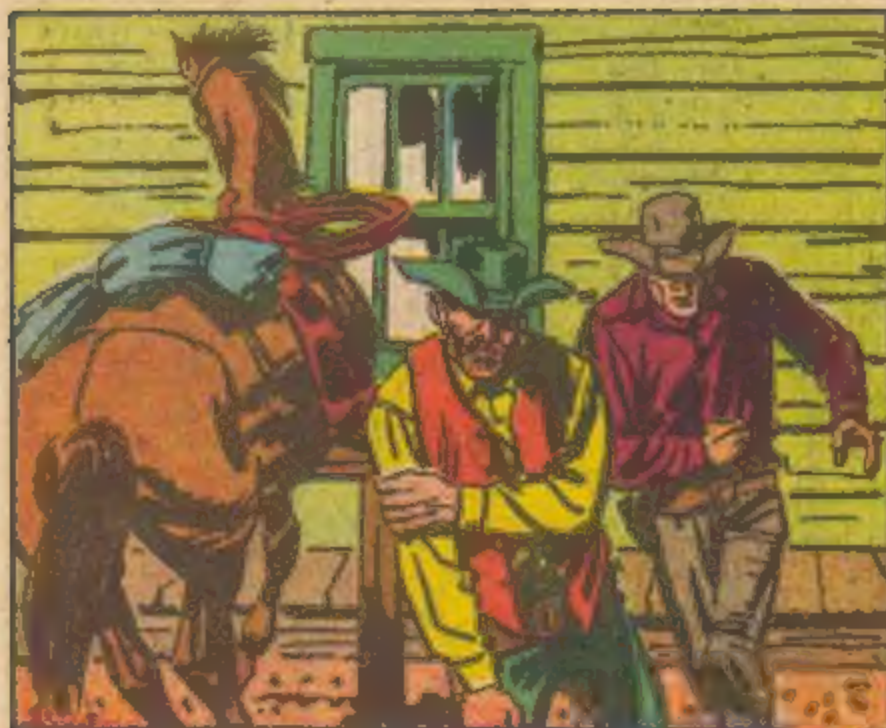
SOMEHOW SHE GUESSED RIGHT---AND SPOTTED THEM HURRYING ALONG ANOTHER STREET.



CRACK!  
CRACK!

AS THEY PAUSED AND TURNED, SHE STARTED SHOOTING---AND SCORED ON BOTH THE KILLERS!





HER LIGHT BULLETS HAD NOT INFLICTED FATAL WOUNDS...THE MURDERERS WERE ABLE TO RUN---AND THEY DID!



I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH! I'VE GOT TO GET TO A DOCTOR! WHERE ARE YOU HIT?

BELT BUCKLE STOPPED THE BULLET--- BUT IT CUT ME!



WHEN WE CATCH THEM WE'LL FINISH IT---WITH THIS!

THE KILLERS NOW KNEW THE WHOLE TOWN WAS OUT TO GET THEM! TOMORROW IT WOULD BE THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST!



YES, DOC, WE DID THE SHOOTING IN THE GAINES HOTEL! YOU CALL THE SHERIFF AND TELL HIM WE'LL SURRENDER--- HERE!

AND NOW, DOC, YOU PATCH US UP!

THEY KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE A LYNCHING!



YOU DON'T DESERVE A TRIAL--- BUT YOU'LL GET ONE!

THAT NIGHT THEY GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO THE LAW---WHICH WOULD EXACT PAYMENT FOR THE KILLING OF TWO BRAVE AND HONORABLE MEN!

A PLEDGE

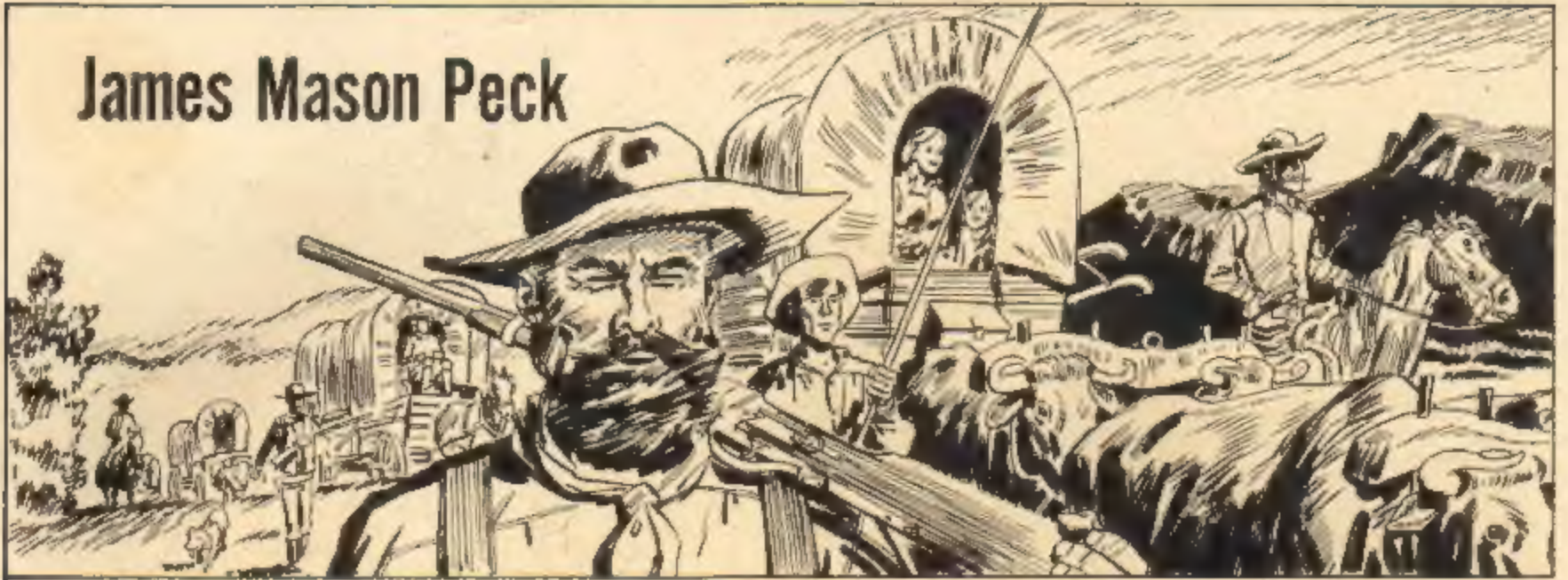


TO PARENTS

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## James Mason Peck



JAMES MASON PECK WAS A NAME WELL KNOWN TO ALL WHO SETTLED THE WEST. HARDLY A COVERED WAGON TRAIN LEFT THE EAST WITHOUT ONE OF HIS GUIDEBOOKS. A PREACHER, HE LATER FOUNDED SHURTLEFF COLLEGE IN ILLINOIS.



THESE POCKET-SIZED BOOKS INCLUDED MAPS, DESCRIPTIONS OF WAGON ROADS, AND GOOD CAMPSITES ALONG THE WAY.



THEY GAVE ADVICE ON WHERE TO BUY PROVISIONS AND GET LODGINGS.



SETTLERS WERE TOLD ABOUT THE SOIL AND WATER IN DIFFERENT AREAS.

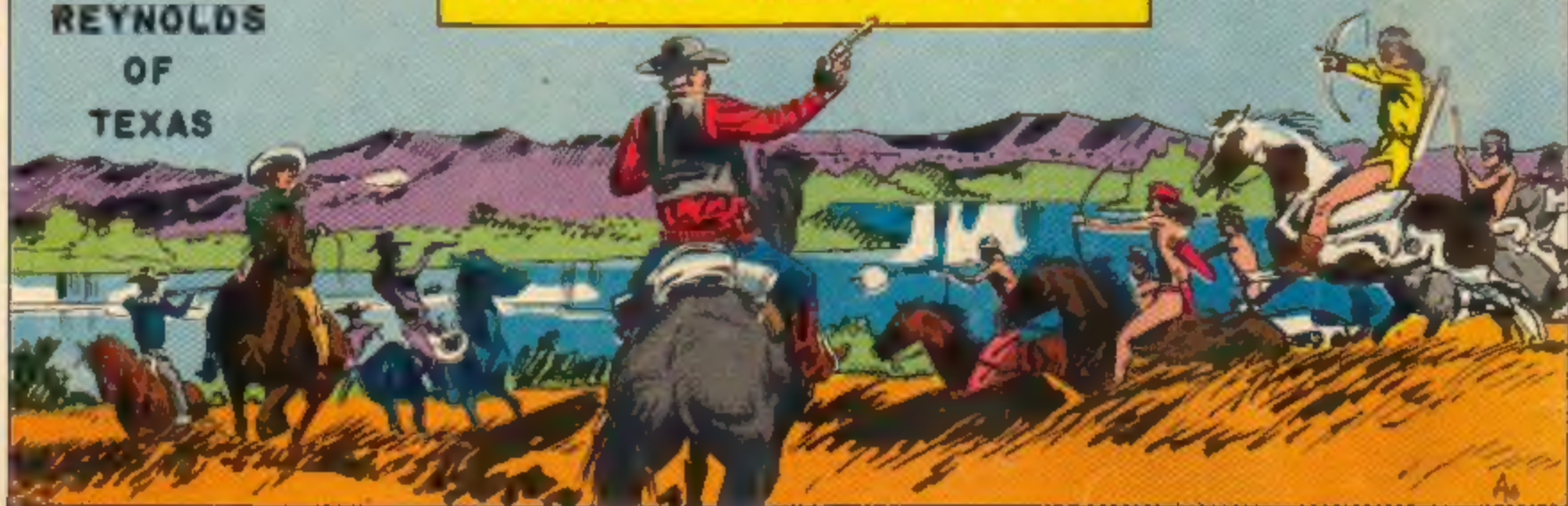


AND AT THE END OF THEIR TREK, MANY EASTERNERS WERE GRATEFUL TO PECK FOR HIS TIPS ON FARMING AND LOG CABIN BUILDING.



**GEORGE  
REYNOLDS  
OF  
TEXAS**

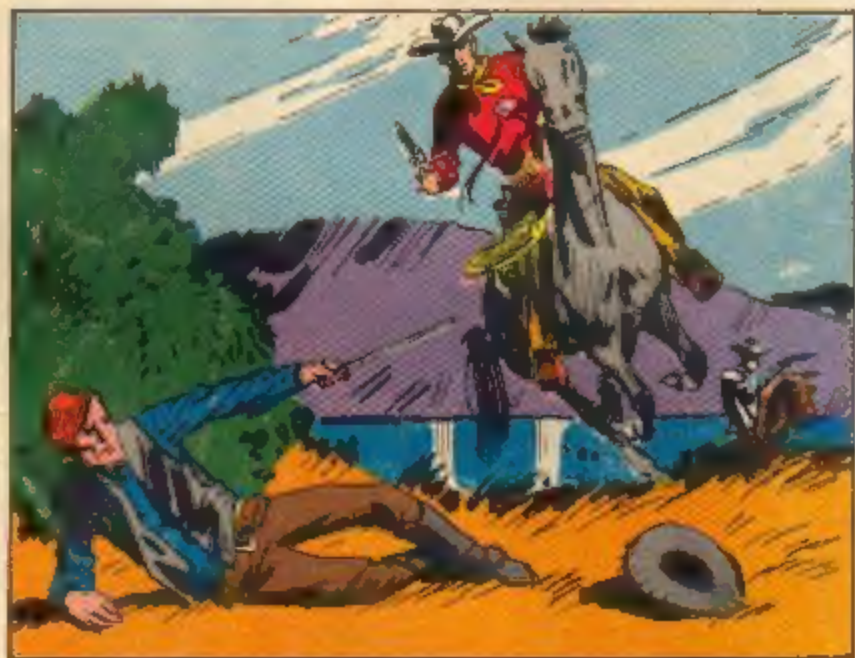
**FAMOUS WESTERNERS**



IN THE SPRING OF 1867, YOUNG GEORGE REYNOLDS AND SOME OTHER COWBOYS FOUND THEMSELVES IN A HOT FIGHT WITH INDIANS, AWAY UP THE BRAZOS RIVER.



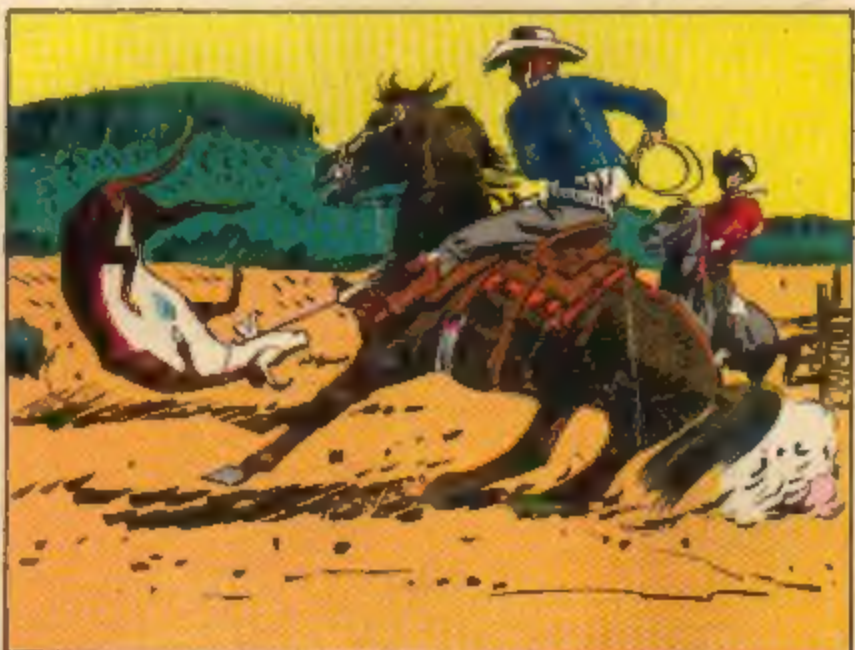
AN ARROW CAUGHT REYNOLDS DEAD-CENTER, STRIKING THROUGH TO LODGE AGAINST HIS BACKBONE. HALF PARALYZED, HE COULD NO LONGER KEEP IN THE SADDLE! HE FELL.



A FRIEND PULLED UP TO ASK WHICH INDIAN SHOT HIM. HOLDING THE HEADLESS ARROWSHAFT, GEORGE GASPED: "THE ONE IN THE RED SHIRT! --- I'LL HAVE HIS HAIR!"



THE FIGHT ENDED WITH HALF A DOZEN INDIANS DEAD, AND ALL THE COWBOYS ALIVE! GEORGE MADE THE TRIP HOME ON TWO PACK HORSES--- THE ARROWHEAD STILL IN HIS BACK.



NOT MANY WEEKS LATER, GEORGE REYNOLDS WAS RIDING AGAIN! WHEN ASKED WHEN HE WAS GOING TO HAVE THAT ARROWHEAD CUT OUT, HE ANSWERED: "WHEN I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO!"